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THE

REFORMED METHODIST

POCKET HYMN BOOK:

REVISED:

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

DESIGNED FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD IN ALL
CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from
the top of the mountains. *Isaiah XLII. 11.*

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will
sing unto thee among the nations. *Psalms LVII.*

SECOND EDITION.

Reformed Methodist Church

TAUNTON, MASS.

PRINTED BY STEPHEN CARR:

1828.



INTRODUCTION.

DEAR BRETHREN :

As we have been appointed a Committee to revise and make additions to the Hymn Book now in use by us, being thought by many, to be defective in many respects ; we in pursuance of our appointment have endeavored faithfully, according to our best judgment, to exclude such Hymns from said book as we thought to be improper. and make an addition of those that might add to the spirituality of our devotions. In compiling our Hymns, we were under the necessity of intermixing them in such a manner that the Book will appear almost entirely new ; we have observed without any alterations the form of the old Book as respects its three parts and references.

The First part contains a selection from the *Episcopal Methodist Hymn Book*, latest revised edition, and each hymn hath fixed to it a reference to the page on which it stands in said Book.

INTRODUCTION.

The Second part is a selection from *Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns*, with their references to the Psalms or Hymns as they stand numbered in his Book.

We have not deemed it proper to make any references in the Third part, it being a selection from *various authors*, together with some original Hymns adapted more particularly to Prayer Meetings, Class Meetings, Camp Meetings and Love Feasts.

In presenting you this Book, we dare not presume to say it is entirely free from defects and exceptions, but trust it will aid Christians of all denominations in their devotions.

We are dear brethren your Pastors in Christ.

SAMUEL DAVIS,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
PLINEY BRETT,		
BURIAL MINOR.		

REFORMED METHODIST
POCKET HYMN BOOK.

BOOK I.

Selected from the Methodist Episcopal Church Hymn Book ; and numbered as they are in that Book.

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

Melody.] HYMN 1. C. M. (PAGE 7.)

FIRST PART.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus !—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free ;

His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for *me*.

5 He speaks—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap ye lame for joy.

SECOND PART.

1 LOOK unto Him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;
Look, and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain :
His soul was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light ;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.

4 With me, your chief ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

P. New.] HYMN 2. P. M. 46's & 28's. (P. 13.)

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;

And, sav'd from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face ;
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Eaton.] HYMN 3. L. M. (PAGE 11.)

FIRST PART.

- 1 SINNERS obey the gospel word ;
 Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
 Be wise to know my gracious day ;
 All things are ready come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late returning son ;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love,
 Just now the stony to remove ;
 To apply, and witness with the blood,
 And wash, and seal the sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the angels wait,
 To triumph in your blest estate :
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Are ready with their shining host ;
 All heaven is ready to resound,
 " The dead's alive ! the lost is found ! "

SECOND PART.

- 1 COME then, ye sinners, to our Lord,
 In Christ to paradise restor'd :

His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of Gospel grace.

- 2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favour and the peace of God ;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence.
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart ;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven ;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven.
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness ;
The genuine, meek humility ;
The wonder, " Why such love to me !"
- 5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face ;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

*St. Anns.] HYMN 4. C. M. * (PAGE 25.)*

- 1 THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.
- 2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere :
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper ?
- 3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee ;

A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree ?

4 Convince him how of unbelief,
His desperate state explain :
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise ;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, " What must be done
To save a wretch like me ?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery ?

7 " I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

8 " I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle Lord, with thee ;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity !"

Calvary.] HYMN 5. P. M. (PAGE 8.)

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power ;
He is able,
He is willing doubt no more.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger ;
Nor of fitness fondly dream :
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him ;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangl'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all,
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood ;
Venture on him, venture freely ;
Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

Dudley.] HYMN 6. P. M. 8 lines, 7's. (P. 10.)

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands,
 Why ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself that you might live.
 Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?
- 3 Sinners turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
 He who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love ;
 Will ye not his grace receive ?
 Will ye still refuse to live ?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God and die ?

Dead already, dead within,
Spiritu'lly dead in sin :
Dead to God, while here you breathe ;
Pant you after second death ?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will you forever die ?

Nazareth.] HYMN 7. L. M. (PAGE 16.) }

- 1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down :
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliverer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion, assert thy liberty ;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumphs on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Thacher.] HYMN 8. S. M. (PAGE 22.)

- 1 SINNERS, the call obey,
The latest call of grace :
The day is come, the vengeful day
Of a devoted race ;
Devils and men combine
To plague the faithless seed,
And phials full of wrath divine,
Are bursting on your head.
- 2 Enter into the Rock,
Ye trembling slaves of sin,
The Rock of your salvation, struck,
And cleft to take you in :
To shelter the distrest
He did the cross endure ;
Enter into the clefts and rest
In Jesus' wounds secure.
- 3 Jesus, to thee we fly
From the devouring sword ;
Our city of defence is nigh ;
Our help is in the Lord.
Or if the scourge o'erflow,
And laugh at innocence,
Thine everlasting arms, we know
Shall be our souls' defence.
- 4 We in thy word believe,
And on thy promise stay ;
Our life, which still to thee we give,
Shall be to us a prey :
Our life with thee we hide
Above the furious blast,

And shelter'd in thy wounds abide
Till all the storms are past.

- 5 Believing against hope,
We hang upon thy grace,
Through every low'ring cloud look up,
And wait for happy days;
The days when all shall know,
Their sins in Christ forgiven,
And walk awhile with God below,
And then fly up to heaven.

Bishop.] HYMN 9. L. M. (PAGE 17.)

- 1 HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace is free for all."
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind,
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?"

On ashes, husks, and air you feed ;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, Ah ! whither would ye go ?
I have the words of endless life.

7 Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food ;
The sweetness of my mercy share ;
And taste that I alone am good.

8 "I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free :
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believably receive ;
Quickened your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

Tisbury.] HYMN 10. C. M. (PAGE 18.)

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed up'n the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind :

- 3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of Gospel grace,
Stand open night and day :
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Bethel.] HYMN 11. C. M. (PAGE 25.)

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to death ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo,

5 But he that turns to God shall live,
Through his abounding grace :
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin,
Submit to him your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

Bethel.] HYMN 12. C. M. (PAGE 26.)

1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known :
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn !
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day ;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release ;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

- 5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.
- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desp'rate state, through sin, declare,
And speak our sins forgiven :
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

Old Winsor.] HYMN 13. C. M. (PAGE 27.)

- 1 TERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right-hand appear,
A blessing to receive.
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet ?
- 4 Ah ! no :—I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays ;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve.
And offers me his grace.

- 5 I will accept his offers now,
 From every sin depart ;
 Perform my oft-repeated vow,
 And render him my heart.
- 6 I will improve what I receive,
 The grace through Jesus given ;
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,
 To live with God in heaven.

PENITENTIAL.

Stafford.] HYMN 14. S. M. (PAGE. 32.)

- 1 O THAT I could repent !
 O that I could believe !
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave ;
 Thou by thy two-edg'd sword,
 My soul and spirit part ;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.
- 2 Saviour and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow ;
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go :
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove :
 Wound, and pour in my wounds to heal,
 The balm of pard'ning love.
- 3 For thine own mercy's sake,
 The hind'rance now remove :

And into thy protection take
 The pris'ner of thy love ;
 In every trying hour,
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be ;
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee :
 O might I now embrace
 Thine all-sufficient power !
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

Malden.] HYMN 15. C. M. (PAGE 63.)

FIRST PART.

- 1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
 As yesterday, the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy Name !
- 2 If still thou goest about to do
 Thy needy creatures good,
 On me, that I thy praise may show
 Be all thy wonders show'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;
 With pitying eyes behold me fall
 A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin ;

But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou seest me deaf to thy command,
Open, O Lord, my ear,
Bid me stretch out my wither'd hand,
And lift it up in prayer.

6 Silent, (alas ! thou know'st how long,)
My voice I cannot raise :
But, O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found :
Give, and my strength employ ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound ;
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
And dark I am within :
The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by !
O let me find thee near :
Jesu, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou son of David, hear !

10 Behold me waiting in the way
For thee, the heavenly Light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
“ Sinner, receive thy sight !

SECOND PART.

1 WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give ;

- Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 While full of anguish and disease,
My weak, distemper'd soul
Thy love compassionately sees,
O let it make me whole.
- 3 Cast out thy foes, and let them still
To Jesu's name submit,;
Clothe with thy righteousness, and heal,
And place me at thy feet.
- 4 To Jesu's name, if all things now
A trembling homage pay ;
O let my stubborn spirit bow,
My stiff-neck'd will obey !
- 5 Impotent, dumb, and deaf, and blind,
And sick, and poor I am :
But sure a remedy to find
For all in Jesu's name.
- 6 I know in thee all fulness dwells
And all for wretched man :
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain.
- 7 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need :
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 8 I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have :

But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

9 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul.

Lord, I believe, and not in vain :
My faith shall make me whole.

10 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth and height,
And depth of perfect love.

Durham.] HYMN 16. S. M. (PAGE 41.)

1 AH ! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick and faint !
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint ?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah ! why do I delay ?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay !

2 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part ?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?
Some cursed thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within ;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see ;

And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee,
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the vail away.

- 4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Bedford.] HYMN 17. C. M. (PAGE 46.)

- 1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life conceal'd in him!

- 2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire:
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

- 3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

- 4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,

And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pardning God, descend :
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven :
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Bethel.] HYMN 18. C. M. (PAGE 48.)

1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake my sluggish soul !
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants ; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive !
Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live !

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel-bands
Come flying from above.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood.

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb ;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 JEHOVAH in thy person show,
JEHOVAH crucified !
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see ;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

Devizes.] HYMN 24. C. M. (PAGE 31.)

1 HOW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin how deep it stains !
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :
Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord !
O help my unbelief.

- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A Guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Meas.] HYMN 25. C. M. (PAGE 49.)

- 1 GOD is in this and every place !
But, O ! how dark and void ;
To me 'tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.
- 2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart ;
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O Thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown ;
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give ;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.
- 5 A darker soul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore :
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more !

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd !
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate ;
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

Kentucky.] HYMN 22. S. M. (PAGE 62.)

1 AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near ;
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord !
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour to thee is known ;
'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst ; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease !
- 6 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

China.] HYMN 23. C. M. (PAGE 36.)

- 1 WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see ;
Will the unsearchable be found.
Or God appear to me ?
- 2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart ?
Answer thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.
- 3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design ;
What meant the suffering Son of Man,
The streaming blood divine.
- 4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know ?

Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'ly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

Mourner.] HYMN 19. L. M. (PAGE 51.)

- 1 LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain ;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which O, too often wounds my heart !
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden sealed to all but thee ?
No more expos'd no more undone ;
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force ;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee, my way, to thee, my end !

Watchman.] HYMN 20. S. M. (PAGE 68.)

- 1 AND can I yet delay,
My little all to give ?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,
I can hold out no more ;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror !
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know ;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art ;
My hope, my heavenly treasure now
Enter and keep my heart.

Kirke.] HYMN 21. L. M. (PAGE 44.)

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years :

6 Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

Jehudijah.] HYMN 26. L. M. (PAGE 53.)

- 1 JESUS, thy far-extended fame,
My drooping soul exults to hear ;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.
- 2 Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words, and kind ;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseases'd, and cure the blind.
- 3 And art thou not the Saviour still
In every place and age the same ?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name ?
- 4 Faith in thy changeless name I have,
The good, the kind physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.
- 5 Though eighteen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear ;
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still thy healing power is here.
- 6 Wouldst thou the body's health restore,
And not regard the sin-sick soul ?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou wilt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my every sin
To thee, O Jesus, I confess
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

8 That token of thine utmost good,
Now, Saviour, now, on me bestow ;
And purge my conscience with thy blood,
And wash my nature white as snow.

Devotion.] HYMN 27. C. M. (PAGE 59.)

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face ;
Encourag'd by the Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I,
The busy world exclude ;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire ;
See thou who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The spirit of love and power ;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven !
And do on earth thy perfect will
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require ;
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend ;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

Bethel.] HYMN 28. C. M. (PAGE 65.)

1 LET the redeem'd give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God !
My feeble voice I cannot raise,
'Till wash'd in Jesu's blood.

2 Till at thy coming from above,
My mountain-sin depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Pris'ner of hope, I still attend
Th' appearance of my Lord,
These endless doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restor'd :

4 Restor'd by reconciling grace ;
With present pardon blest ;
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
'The love and joy unknown'
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

- 6 My God, through Jesus pacify'd ;
My God, thyself declare ;
And draw me to his open side,
And plunge the sinner there !

Newry.] HYMN 29. L. M. (PAGE 74.)

- 1 FAIN would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and thy wants to tell ;
To feel my pardon seal'd in blood :
Saviour, thy love I wait to feel.
- 2 Freed from the power of cancell'd sin,
When shall my soul triumphant prove ?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise and love ?
- 3 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires ;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows :
Keep me from earthly, base desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.
- 4 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below ;
Fullness of joy in thee there is ;
Without, 'tis misery all, and wo.

Gainsboro'.] HYMN 30. C. M. (PAGE 75.)

- 1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry ;
Thee only would I know ;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Touch me and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity :

Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine ?

Answer, if mine thou art !

Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,

His wounds are open wide ;

For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justify'd.

Kennebeck.] HYMN 31. P. M. (PAGE 72.)

1 STILL, Lord, I languish for thy grace,
Reveal the beauties of thy face,

The middle wall remove :

Appear and banish my complaint ;

Come and supply my only want,

Fill all my soul with love !

2 O ! conquer this rebellious will ;

Willing thou art and ready still,

Thy help is always nigh :

The stony from my heart remove,

And give me, Lord, O give me love,

Or at thy feet I die.

3 To thee I lift my mournful eye :

Why am I thus ? O tell me why

I cannot love my God ?

The hind'rance must be all in me ;

It cannot in my my Saviour be ;

Witness that streaming blood !

- 4 It cost thy blood my heart to win :
To buy me from the power of sin,
And make me love again :
Come, then, my Lord, thy right assert,
'Take to thyself my ransom'd heart,
Nor bleed nor die in vain.
-

DESCRIBING FORMAL RELIGION.

Rochester.] HYMN 32. C. M. (PAGE 80.)

- 1 LONG have I seem'd to serve Thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain :
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.
- 2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew ;
A form of Godlines was mine,
The power I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design :
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.
- 4 To please thee thus at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove ;
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;

Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made :
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;
'Tis thou must make it new.

Rochester.] HYMN 33. C. M. (PAGE 83.)

1 STILL, for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait :
I look to find thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.

2 Here in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will :
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear thee say, "Be still !

3 "Be still ! and know that I am God !" •
'Tis all I live to know ;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
'Thine image to retrieve !
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work ; and own the labor vain ;
And thus from works I cease

I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove ;
They cannot change a sinful heart ;
They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.

8 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me :
Jesus, thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from thee !

ON BACKSLIDING.

Mear.] HYMN 34. C. M. (PAGE 93.)

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still !

But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Rochester.] HYMN 35. C. M. (PAGE 92.)

1 O THAT I were as heretofore !
When warm in my first love ;
I only liv'd my God to adore,
And seek the things above !

2 Upon my head his candle shone,
And lavish of his grace,
With cords of love he drew me on,
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Butter and honey did I eat,
And lifted up on high,
I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
And rode upon the sky.

4 Fat, far above all earthly things
Triumphantly I rode ;

I soar'd to heaven on eagle's wings,
And found and talk'd with God.

5 Where am I now ? from what a height
Of happiness cast down !
The glory swallow'd up in night,
And faded is the crown.

6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
For which I sigh in pain !
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
My Eden now regain ?

Wells.] HYMN 36. L. M. (PAGE 95.)

1 AH ! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace ;
The salt may lose its seasoning power,
And never, never find it more !

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee ;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

Old Hundred.] HYMN 37. L. M. (PAGE 97.)

1 SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess,
My thirst for creature-happiness ;
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,
And forc'd thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet would I not regard thy stroke,
But when thou didst thy grace revoke,
And when thou didst thy face conceal,
Thy absence I refus'd to feel.

- 3 I knew not that the Lord was gone ;
In my own froward will went on ;
I liv'd to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.
- 4 Yet, O the riches of thy grace !
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.
- 5 For this I at thy footsool wait,
Till thou my peace again create :
Fruit of thy gracious lips restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more !
- 6 Far off, yet at thy feet I lie,
(Till thou again thy blood apply ;
Till thou repeat my sins forgiven,)
As far from God as hell from heaven.
- 7 But for thy truth and mercy's sake,
My comfort thou wilt give me back ;
And lead me on from grace to grace,
In all the paths of righteousness,
- 8 Till thoroughly sav'd my new-born soul,
And perfectly by faith made whole,
Shall bright on thy full image rise,
To share thy glory in the skies.

Aylesbury.] HYMN 38. S. M. (PAGE 100

- 1 O JESUS ! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan,
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banish'd one

- 2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Wilt thou not bid me rise ?
Speak, and my soul shall live ;
Forgive, my gasping spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.
- 4 For thine own mercy's sake
Relieve my wretchedness,
And O my pardon give me back,
And give we back my peace !
- 5 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven :
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.
- 6 Thy utmost mercy show,
Say to my drooping soul,
In peace and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

Old Windsor.] HYMN 39. C. M. (PAGE 99.)

- 1 O WHY did I my Saviour leave,
So soon unfaithful prove :
How could I thy good Spirit grieve,
And sin against thy love love ?
- 2 I forc'd thee first to disappear,
I turn'd thy face aside ;
Ah, Lord ! if thou hadst still been here,
Thy servant had not died.

- 3 But O, how soon thy wrath is o'er,
And pard'ning love takes place!
Assist me, Saviour, to adore
The riches of thy grace.
- 4 O could I lose myself in thee;
Thy depth of mercy prove;
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love?
- 5 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies:
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 6 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be *All* in *All*.

PRAYER AND INTERCESSION.

Devizes.] HYMN 40. C. M. (PAGE 129.)

- 1 FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow,
Every believing soul.
- 2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood ;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fulness fall :
Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
Our God, our All in All.

Bramcoat.] HYMN 41. L. M. (PAGE 130.)

1 O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before,
Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim ;
Who would not our great Sov'reign fear ?
We long t' experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait ;
And O, how dreadful is this place !
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire
And lo ! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

- 5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill :
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.
- 6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general church above ;
And take our seats at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.
- 7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let mine eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

Devizes.] HYMN 42. C. M. (PAGE 133.)

- 1 LORD, all I am is known to thee ;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence or to flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge ! deep and high :
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

Hamilton.] HYMN 33. L. M. (PAGE 110.)

- 1 I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart and let it be
Forever clos'd to all but thee !
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move ;
O wond'rous grace ! O boundless love !
- 5 How can it be thou heavenly King,
That thou should'st us to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown.
- 6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
" My Lord, my love is crucify'd."

7 Ah ! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !

8 First born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo, all our souls we bow :
To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

Shirland.] HYMN 44. S. M. (PAGE 114.)

1 LO, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove ;
My Potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thine only stamp of love :
Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine ?
Then kindle in my soul a fire
Which shall forever shine.

2 Thy gracious readiness
To save mankind assert ;
Thine image, love, thy name impress,
Thy nature on my heart :
Father of mercies, hear !
Into my soul come down ;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind !
O fix in me thy home !
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come !

Jesus is full of grace,
To all his bowels move ;
Behold in me, ye fallen race,
That God is only love.

Red. Love.] HYMN 45. P. M. (PAGE 119.)

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain ;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee

Mourner.] HYMN 46. L. M. (PAGE 121.)

- 1 MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow,
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day :
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;
As I have need, my Saviour be :
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me Saviour to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power ;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Mourner.] HYMN 47. L. M. (PAGE 123.)

- 1 WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee ?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near :

O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of Gospel-day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul, shall fly to thee :
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Abridge.] HYMN 48. C. M. (PAGE 126.)

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death !

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

Surely thou canst not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live ;

And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face :
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace !

Kentucky.] HYMN 49. S. M. (PAGE 127.)

- 1 O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm.
- 2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven !

Pickering.] HYMN 50. C. M. (PAGE 135.)

- 1 JEHOVAH, God, the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend !
With mercy's out-stretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
- 2 Preserve the creatures of thy love ;
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing thy goodness there.
- 3 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face ;
And all thy pardon'd people fill
With plenitude of grace.

- 4 Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone ;
And lifts us up thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.
- 5 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show :
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Sure earnest of that happiness,
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends.

Alfreton.] HYMN 51. L. M. (PAGE 115.)

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee,
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way,
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head and cheer my heart.

- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace,

Parvus.] HYMN 52. L. M. (PAGE 115.)

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God !
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford ;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Watchman.] HYMN 53. S. M. (PAGE 106.)

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God ;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood ;
'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see ;
Who did for *every* sinner die,
Hath surely died for *me*.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord ;
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word :
Then only then we feel
Our int'rest in his blood ;
And cry with joy unspeakable,
" Thou art *my* Lord, *my* God."

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb !
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name :
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart ;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which, whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes :
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move ;
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Jordan.] HYMN 54. C. M. (PAGE 108.)

1 GOD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee
 Through the atoning blood ;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve,
 Thy gracious Spirit divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love :
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou, by reverent love, unite
 My child-like heart to thee ;
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide :
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

Shirland.] HYMN 55. S. M. (PAGE 109.)

1 MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call :
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell:

'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee. and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul,

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire:
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus raise me higher.

Irish.] HYMN 56. C. M. (1 PAGE 118.)

1 O SUN of Righteousness arise
With healing in thy wing;

To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desire set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive ;
Saviour, thy purchase own ,
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy,
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Eternal, undivided Lord
Co-equal One in Three,
On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to thee.

Meas.] HYMN 57. C. M. (PAGE 125.)

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hozannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
An' thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love
And that shall kindle ours.

Devizes.] HYMN 58. C. M. (PAGE 122.)

1 JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up !

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love ;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,

Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Alfreton.] HYMN 59. L. M. (PAGE 128.)

- 1 O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart,
'Stablish with me the covenant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.
- 3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.
- 4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.
- 5 Then every murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.
- 6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

Bethel.] HYMN 60. C. M. (PAGE 112.)

- 1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost
By all mankind and me.
- 2 Thy favour and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore ;
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep me evermore.
- 3 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.
- 4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove !
Reviv'd, and cheer'd' and bless'd by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.
- 5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 6 That all comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiv'n ;
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven !

Ebor.] HYMN 61. C. M. (PAGE 117.)

- 1 BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;

Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store ;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask, we open then
Our hearts to embrace thy will ;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

PRAYER AND WATCHFULNESS.

St. John's.] HYMN 62. P. M. (PAGE. 149.)

1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude ;
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Portugal.] HYMN 63. L. M. (PAGE 156.)

- 1 O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul,
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.
- 2 O may one beam of thy blest light,
Pierce through, dispel the shades of night ;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.
- 3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant,
Yet heavy is my soul and faint ;
With steps unwav'ring undismay'd,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.
- 4 With out-stretch'd hands, and streaming
Oft I begin to grasp the prize ; [eyes,
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray ;
But Ah ! how soon it dies away !
- 5 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal ;
Rise, Lord ; stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.
- 6 Single of heart O may I be !
Nothing may I desire but thee :

Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from thy love !

Kentucky.] HYMN 64. S. M. (PAGE 144.)

1 THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart ;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress ;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

2 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Mear.] HYMN 65. C. M. (PAGE 145.)

1 SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer !

3 The spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim ;

To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow ;
Be this the cry of every heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me ;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Kentucky.] HYMN 66. S. M. (PAGE 149.)

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give !
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,

Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Matthias.] HYMN 67. S. M. (PAGE 146.)

- 1 JESUS, my stength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill.
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss :
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single steady aim;
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee, and thy great name ;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide,
Into thy perfect love.

New Sab.] HYMN 68. L. M. (PAGE 148.)

1 JESUS, my Saviour, brother, friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings ;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And hov'ring, hides me in his wings ;

- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart ;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
Fly back to Christ; for sin is near!"
- 5 His sacred unction from above,
Be still my comforter and guide,
Till all the stony he remove,
And in my loving heart reside.
- 6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
From nature's every path retreat:
Thou art my way, my leader be,
And set upon the rock my feet.
- 7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

Watchman.] HYMN 69. S. M. (PAGE 153.)

- 1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now "Awake, awake,
And Christ shall make thee whole."
- 2 Lay to thy mighty hand,
Alarm me in this hour:
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

- 3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.
- 4 For each assault prepar'd,
And ready may I be,
For ever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.
- 5 O do thou always warn,
My soul of evil near !
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear :
- 6 " Come back ! this is the way !
Come back ! and walk therein !"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin !

Matthias.] HYMN 70. S. M. (PAGE 154.)

- 1 THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.
- 2 Give me to trust in thee ;
Be thou my sure abode :
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour and my God.
- 3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep ;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

- 4 My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend :
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end !

St. Thomas.] HYMN 71. S. M. (PAGE 155.)

- 1 BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed ;
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
- 2 O may I calmly wait
Thy succours from above !
And stand against their open hate,
And well dissembled love.
- 3 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join :
'Gainst all the powers of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.
- 4 O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel !
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell.
- 5 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show.
- 6 Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the Spirit groan,
And never ceasing prayer.

Falcon-St.] HYMN 72. S. M. (PAGE 155.)

- 1 GIVE me a sober mind,
A quick discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly.
- 2 Still may I cleave to thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy,
Over my evil heart.
- 3 Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath,
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath.
- 4 In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with thee to reign !

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Lenox.] HYMN 73. P. M. (PAGE 165.)

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede,
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me ;
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One :
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son ;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

Thatcher.] HYMN 74. S. M. (PAGE 162.)

FIRST PART.

1 HOW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven ?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven ?

- 2 What we have felt and seen
 With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men,
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
 That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
 And feel his blood apply'd,
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
 Disburthen'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpassing far
 The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
 The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell
 The sacred power we prove ;
And conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
 In heaven, who dwell in love.

Pickering.] HYMN 75. C. M. (PAGE 166.)

- 1 I ASK the gift of righteousness,
 The sin-subduing power ;
Power to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon seal'd,
 The liberty from sin ;
The grace infus'd, the love reveal'd,
 The kingdom fixt within.

- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray ;
Thou seest my heart's desire ;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out, opprest,
Impatient to be freed !
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am sav'd indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert ?
Art thou not willing too ?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew ?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Portugal.] HYMN 76. L. M. (PAGE 161.)

- 1 AUTHOR of faith, eternal word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame ;
Faith, like its finisher, and Lord,
To-day as yesterday the same.
- 2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable ;
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfil.
- 3 By faith we know thee strong to save,
(Save us, a present Saviour thou !)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have :
Future and past subsisting now.

- 4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given,
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.
- 6 Faith lends its realising light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Devizes.] HYMN 77. C. M. (PAGE 166.)

- 1 GREAT God! to me the sight afford,
To him of old allow'd;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud!
- 2 In that revealing Spirit come down,
Thine attributes proclaim,
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.
- 3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being, and of power,
And great in majesty.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God thou art,
But let me rather prove,
That name inspoken to my heart,
That favourite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
 In this polluted breast ;
 Mercy is thy distinguish'd name,
 And suits the sinner best.

6 Our misery doth for pity call,
 Our sin implores thy grace ;
 And thou art merciful to all
 Our lost, 'apostate race.

New Sab.] HYMN 78. L. M. (PAGE 170.)

- 1 JESUS, whose glory's streaming rays,
 Though duteous to thy high command !
 Not seraphs view with open face,
 But veil'd before thy presence stand !
- 2 How shall weak eyes of flesh, weigh'd down
 With sin, and dim with error's night,
 Dare to behold thy awful throne,
 Or view thy unapproached light ?
- 3 Restore my sight ! let thy free grace
 An entrance to the holiest give !
 Open mine eyes of faith ! thy face
 So shall I see : yet seeing live.
- 4 The golden sceptre from above
 Reach forth ; see my whole heart I bow :
 Say to my soul " Thou art my love,
 My chosen midst ten thousand thou !"
- 5 O Jesus, full of grace ! the sighs
 Of a sick heart with pity view !
 Hark, how my silence speaks—and cries,
 " Mercy, thou God of mercy, show !"

- 6 I know thou canst not but be good ;
 How shouldst thou, Lord, thy grace re-
 strain,
 Thou, Lord, whose blood so freely flow'd,
 To save me from all guilt and pain ?
- 7 By faith I to the fountain fly,
 Open'd for all mankind and me,
 To purge my sins of deepest dye,
 My life and heart's impurity :
- 8 From Christ, the smitten Rock, it flows,
 The purple and the crystal stream ;
 Pardon and holiness bestows,
 And both I gain through faith in him.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD IN RE- DEMPTION.

Salem.] HYMN 79. C. M. (PAGE 173.)

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree !
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
 "Receive my soul !" he cries :

See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head, and dies !

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

Burslem.] HYMN 80. L. M. (PAGE 173.)

- 1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given !
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul.
Jesus thy balm will make it whole.

- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan !
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry ;
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

St. Peter.] HYMN 81. L. M. (PAGE 455.)

- 1 HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies,
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
 How high your great Deliv'rer reigns:
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains!
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
 And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

Shields.] HYMN 82. C. M. (PAGE 175.)

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Arlington.] HYMN 83. C. M. (PAGE 174.)

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief :
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told !

Luton.] HYMN 84. L. M. (PAGE 176.)

1 EXTENDED on a cursed tree,
Besmear'd with dust, and sweat and blood,
See there, the King of glory see !
Sinks and expires, the Son of God !

2 Who, who, my Saviour this hath done ?
Who could thy sacred body wound ?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I,—I alone have done the deed !
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn ;
My sins have caus'd thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fix'd the thorn.

4 For me the burden to sustain
Too great, my Lord, on thee was laid ;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain ;
To bless me thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn, and forsook of all I lay ;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

- 6 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe ?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 7 Too much to thee I cannot give ;
Too much I cannot do for thee :
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be !
- 8 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God ;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood.
- 9 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast :
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Mourner.] HYMN 85. L. M. (PAGE 178.)

- 1 O THOU, dear suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Help me to catch thy precious blood ;
Help me to taste thy dying love !
- 2 Give me to feel thy agonies,
One drop of thy sad cup afford :
I fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of my Lord.
- 3 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd while her Creator died :
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucify'd !

- 4 At thy last gasp the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies ;
 O that my soul might burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !
- 5 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
 And tremble, and asunder part :
 O rend with thine expiring breath,
 The harder marble of my heart !

Portugal.] HYMN 86. L. M. (PAGE 181.)

- 1 ADAM descended from above !
 Saviour and Head of all mankind ;
 The covenant of redeeming love,
 In thee let every sinner find.
- 2 Our Surety, thou alone hast paid
 The debt we to thy Father ow'd :
 For the whole world atonement made,
 And seal'd the pardon with thy blood.
- 3 Thee, the Paternal Grace Divine,
 A universal blessing gave ;
 A Light, in every heart to shine ;
 A Saviour,—every soul to save.
- 4 Light of the Gentile world appear,
 Command the blind thy rays to see :
 Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,
 And set the plaintive pris'ner free.
- 5 Me, me, who still in darkness sit,
 Shut up in sin and unbelief ;
 Deliver from this gloomy pit,
 This dungeon of despairing grief.

6 Open mine eyes the Lamb to know,
 Who bears the general sin away;
 And to my ransom'd spirit show,
 The glories of eternal day.

Firmament.] HYMN 87. L. M. (PAGE 454.)

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high!
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death, and hell, o'ethrew;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Ye everlasting doors give way.
 Who is the King of Glory, who?
 The Lord of glorious power possest;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all for ever blest.

Adisham.] HYMN 88. L. M. (PAGE 456.)

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
 If risen indeed with him ye are,

Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's pow'r declare.

- 2 Your faith by holy tempers prove :
By actions show your sins forgiv'n !
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ your head to heav'n,
- 3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right-hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp to reign.
- 4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place ;
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.
- 5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside ;
Dead to the world and sin ye live ;
Your creature-love is crucifi'd.
- 5 Your real life with Christ conceal'd
Deep in the Father's bosom lies ;
And glorious as your Head reveal'd,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

Archdale.] HYMN 89. C. M. (PAGE 183.)

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies ;

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power :
Their motions speak thy skill :
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet ;
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace ;
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains :
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

Bethel.] HYMN 90. C. M. (PAGE 189.)

1 HAIL, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
One God, in person three ;

Of thee we make our joyful boast,
And homage pay to thee.

2 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore :
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwell'st for evermore.

3 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see ;
And every thought of every heart,
Is fully known to thee.

4 Whate'er thou wilt, in earth below,
Thou dost, in heaven above ;
But chiefly we rejoice to know
Th' Almighty God of love.

5 Thou lov'st whate'er thy hands have made,
Thy goodness we rehearse,
In shining characters display'd
Throughout our universe,

6 Mercy, with love, and endless grace,
O'er all thy works doth reign ;
But mostly thou delight'st to bless,
Thy favorite creature man.

7 Wherefore let every creature give
To thee the praise design'd ;
But chiefly, Lord, the thanks receive,
The hearts of all mankind.

Angel's Hymn.] HYMN 91. L. M. (PAGE 194.)

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thy own ;

A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop deriv'd from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare ;
And humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts ador'd ;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty :

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of peace ;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

Randall.] HYMN 92. - C. M. (PAGE 195.)

1 BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King !
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 By thee the victory is given :
The majesty divine, [heaven,
And strength and might, and earth and
And all therein is thine.

3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain ;
And high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.

4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honor give ;

And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.

4 Thou hast on us the grace bestow'd,
Thy greatness to proclaim ;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

6 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known ;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

Old Hundred.] HYMN 93. L. M. (PAGE 196.)

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too !
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind !

5 God is in heaven, and men below :
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !

A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

China.] HYMN 94. C. M. (PAGE 197.)

- 1 HAIL ! holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom One in Three we know ;
By all thy heavenly host ador'd,
By all thy church below.
- 2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim ;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
- 3 Thee, holy Father, we confess ;
Thee, holy Son, adore :
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship evermore.
- 4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive !
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.
- 5 Three Persons equally divine
We magnify and love :
And both the choirs ere long shall join,
To sing thy praise above.
- 6 Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be,)
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three !

Shirland.] HYMN 95. S. M. (PAGE 200.)

- 1 O ALL-CREATING God !
At whose supreme decree
Our body rose, a breathing clod,
Our souls sprang forth from thee.
- 2 For this thou hast design'd,
And form'd us man for this ;
To know, and love thyself, and find
In thee our endless bliss.

Triumph.] HYMN 96. L. M. (PAGE 200.)

- 1 MY soul, through my redeemer's care,
Sav'd from the second death, I feel ;
My eyes from tears of dark despair,
My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run ;
My eyes on his perfection gaze ;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout his praise.

SACRAMENTAL.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

Matthias.] HYMN 97. S. M. (PAGE 201.)

- 1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb :
Our passover was slain,
At Salem's hallow'd place,

Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our ev'ry want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice ;
By faith his flesh we eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God out of his holy seat
Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with the Lord ;
As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave. and heard him groan
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God ! 'tis finish'd now !
The mortal pang is past !
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise,
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

China.] HYMN 98. C. M. (PAGE 202.)

I JESUS, at whose supreme command,
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipt in blood.

Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commem'rate thee, our dying Lord,
And trust on thee to feed.

2 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix thy blessed Spirit's seal,
And stamp us for thy own.
The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe !

3 The cup of blessing, bless'd by thee,
Let it thy blood impart ;
'The bread thy mystic body be,
And cheer thy languid heart.
The grace which sure salvation brings,
Let us herewith receive ;
Sate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

4 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be ;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.
Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.

Watchman.] HYMN 99. S. M. (PAGE. 203.)

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word ;

Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear ;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

Wells.] HYMN 100. L. M. (PAGE 204.)

1 AUTHOR of our salvation, thee
With lowly thankful hearts we praise,
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows ;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace ;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive ;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength thro' which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till borne on eagles wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven

Pickering.] HYMN 101. C. M. (PAGE 207.)

- 1 COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heav'nly art,
As channels to convey thy love,
To ev'ry faithful heart.
- 2 The living bread sent down from heav'n
In us vouchsafe to be ;
Thy flesh for all the world is giv'n,
And all may live by thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are fill'd below,
With all the life of God.
- 4 Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus crucify'd,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

Salem.] HYMN 102. C. M. (PAGE 207.)

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain
- 2 To keep the feast Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee ;
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
" For me, he dy'd for me !"
- 3 These sacred signs thy suff'rings, Lord,
To our remembrance brings :

We eat and drink around thy board,
But think on nobler things.

- 4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame,
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing "Hosanna to the Lamb,"
The Lamb that dy'd for me!

Tisbury.] HYMN 203. C. M. (PAGE 208.)

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For ev'ry humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
O stay not back, though fear alarms!
For yet there still is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above!
- 4 There with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

Randall.] HYMN 104. C. M. (PAGE 209.)

- 1 THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are giv'n ;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Shirland.] HYMN 105. S. M. (PAGE 209.)

- 1 GLORY to God on high ;
Our peace is made with heav'n ;
The Son of God came down to die,
That we might be forgiv'n.
- 2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruis'd for sin :
Remembr this in eating bread,
And this in drinking wine.
- 3 Approach his royal board,
In his rich garment clad ;
Join ev'ry tongue to praise the Lord ;
And ev'ry heart be glad.

- 4 The Father gives the son ;
 The Son his flesh and blood :
 The Spir't applies, and faith puts on
 The righteousness of God.
-

BAPTISM.

Arlington.] HYMN 106. C. M. (PAGE 210.)

- 1 CELESTIAL Dove, descend from high
 And on the water brood :
 Come with thy quic'kning power apply
 The water and the blood.

- 2 I love the Lord, that stoops so low
 To give his word a seal ;
 But the rich grace his hands bestow
 Exceeds the figure still.

- 3 Almighty God, for thee we call,
 And our request renew ;
 Accept in Christ, and bless withal,
 The work we have to do.

Stafford.] HYMN 107. S. M. (PAGE 210.)

- 1 MY Saviour's pierced side
 Pour'd out a double flood
 By water we are purified,
 And pardon'd by his blood.
- 2 Call'd from above, I rise,
 And wash away my sin ;
 The stream to which my spirit flies,
 Can make the foulest clean.
- 3 It runs divinely clear,
 A fountain deep and wide ;

'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
In my Redeemer's side !

Triumph.] HYMN 108. L. M. (PAGE 210.)

- 1 COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Honour the means ordain'd by thee !
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim ;
Sent to disciple all mankind ;
Sent to baptise into thy name ;
We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son :
In these for whom we seek thy face ;
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptising grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us thou always art,
Effectuate now the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou !
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now !
- 6 O that the souls baptis'd herein,
May now thy truth and mercy feel ;
May rise and wash away their sin :
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal !

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

Hamilton.] HYMN 109. L. M. (PAGE 218.)

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour when from above,
We first received the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Ascension.] HYMN 110. C. M. (PAGE 235.)

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus :
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord for ever, thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Paradise.] HYMN 111. C. M. (PAGE 239.)

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven :
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O ! by faith I see ;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day ;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow !
And let the vessels break ;
And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek ;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,

And shout and wonder at his grace
To all eternity.

Sharon.] HYMN 112. S. M. (PAGE 240.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name !
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame !
- 2 In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand,
And free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song ;
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.
- 4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too ;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above !
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice of love.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days :
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Millicent.] HYMN 113. P. M. (PAGE 245.)

- 1 HAIL ! thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, thou everlasting King,

Thou didst suffer to redeem us !
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour ;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid :
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Open'd is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare :
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship. honour, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give ;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

Truro.] HYMN 114. L. M. (PAGE 224.)

- 1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race ;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy beyond discription he,
Who knows the Saviour died for me ;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine ! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise !
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compar'd to her.
- 4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise :
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains :
Thrice happy who his guest retains :
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

Berlin.] HYMN 115. L. M. (PAGE 247.)

- 1 INTO thy gracious hands I fall,
And with the arm of faith embrace ;
O King of Glory, hear my call !
O raise me, heal me by thy grace !

Now righteous through thy grace I am :
 No condemnation now I dread ;
 I taste salvation in thy name ;
 Alive in thee, my living Head.

2 Still let thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take thy flight from me away ;
 Still with me let thy grace abide,
 That I from thee may never stray ;
 Let thy word richly in me dwell ;
 Thy peace and love my portion be :
 My joy t' endure and do thy will,
 Till perfect I am found in thee.

3 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord !
 Support my weakness with thy might ;
 Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,
 And shield me in the threat'ning fight :
 From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
 So in thy strength shall I go on ;
 Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
 And glory end what grace begun.

Brewer.] HYMN 116. L. M. (PAGE 251.)

1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress :
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day ;
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
 Fully absolv'd through these I am,
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
 Who from the Father's bosom came :

Who died for me, ev'n me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, ev'n for *my* soul was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

Light-Street.] HYMN 117. P. M. (PAGE 252.)

1 A FOUNTAIN of Life and of Grace
In Christ, our Redeemer, we see
For us, who his offers embrace ;
For all, it is open and free :
Jehovah himself doth invite
To drink of his pleasures unknown ;
The streams of immortal delight,
That flow from his heavenly throne.

2 As soon as in him we believe,
By faith of his Spirit we take :
And, freely forgiven, receive
The mercy for Jesus's sake !
We gain a pure drop of his love ;
The life of eternity know ;
Angelical happiness prove,
And witness a heaven below.

Paradise.] HYMN 118. C. M. (PAGE 256.)

1 O 'TIS delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name ;

My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay ;
Let love refine my blood :
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home,
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove ;
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Swanwick.] HYMN 119. C. M. (PAGE 256.)

1 THE wisdom own'd by all thy sons,
To me, O God, impart,
The knowledge of the holy Ones,
The understanding heart.
Thy name, O holy Father, tell
To one who would believe ;

To me thine only Son reveal,
Thy Holy Spirit give.

- 2 'Tis life, eternal life, to know,
The heavenly Persons mine :
Father, and Son, and Spirit bestow,
That precious faith divine !
A Trinity in Unity,
My soul shall then adore :
And love, and praise, and worship thee,
JEHOVAH, evermore.

FOR FULL REDEMPTION.

Gamberwell.] HYMN 120. S. M. (PAGE 285.)

- 1 FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true :
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.
- 2 Come then, for Jesu's sake,
And bid my heart be clean ;
An end of all my troubles make ;
An end of all my sin.
- 3 I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing thee ;
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
- 4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow ;

Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Swanwick.] HYMN 121. C. M. (PAGE 286.)

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me :
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near ;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be !
What can withstand his will ?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil !
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.
- 5 Joyful in hope, my spirit soars
To meet thee from above :
Thy goodness thankfully adores :
And sure I *taste* thy love.
- 6 Thy love I soon expect to find,
In all its *depth* and *height* :
To comprehend th' Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.
- 7 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess,

I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

8 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

9 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known ;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

Mt. Tabor.] HYMN 122. C. M. (PAGE 262.)

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne :
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean !
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord of thine.
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo ;

Jesus for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou know'st, can never rest,
Till thou create my peace,
Till of my Eden repossess'd ;
From ev'ry sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

Axbridge.] HYMN 123. C. M. (PAGE 264.)

1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour dy'd.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art :
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;

Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Clarindon.] HYMN 124. C. M. (PAGE 265.)

- 1 JESUS, my life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe:
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.
- 2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill and make alive.
- 3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.
- 4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.
- 5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

Paradise.] HYMN 125. C. M. (PAGE 267.)

- 1 LORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true:
And lo! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

- 2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus support the tot'tring clay,
And lengthen out my days.
- 3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who rais'd thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame.
- 4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain.
- 5 Spare me till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve :
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.
- 6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
Now, Lord, my soul restore :
Now the new heavens and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

Suffolk.] HYMN 126. C. M. (PAGE 271.)

- 1 LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.
- 2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price ;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire !

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee,
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

Triumph.] HYMN 127. L. M. (PAGE 295.)

1 HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I want to prove thy perfect will :
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye ;
Display thy glory from above ;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love !

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace ;
I would be by myself abhorr'd ,
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord !

4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
Now let me into nothing fall ;
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all* !

Bethel.] HYMN 128. C. M. (PAGE 279.)

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;

- A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixt on things above ;
Where pride and unbelief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in !
Now Saviour, now, the power bestow
And let me cease from sin ;
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove :
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.
- 5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own ;
Thee,—O my all-sufficient Good !
I want,—and thee alone.
- 6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
This, only this be given :
Nothing beside my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.
- 7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend !
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End !
- 8 The bliss thou hast for me prepar'd
No longer be delay'd ;
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode !
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God !

Devotion.] HYMN 129. C. M. (PAGE 280.)

- 1 O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear ;
I, even I, shall see his face ;
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view ;
Conqu'ror through him I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see ;
My hope is full, (O glorious hope !)
Of immortality.
- 4 He visits now the house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O wouldst thou Lord on this glad day,
Into thy temple come !
- 5 With me, I know, I feel thou art ;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.
- 6 My earth thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O Well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul !

- 7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void ;
Thou only canst my spirit fill :
Come, O my God, my God.

Randall.] HYMN 130. C. M. (PAGE 281.)

- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone !
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
- 2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable !
And wait with arms of faith to embrace
And all thy love to feel.
- 3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolv'd in love.
- 4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
From ev'ry wish set free ;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
- 5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thy self be given ;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

Sharon.] HYMN 131. S. M (PAGE 306.)

- 1 O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of pow'r within :

And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin !

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day,
Which shall my sins consume ;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight,

5 I ask no higher state,
Indulge me but in this :
And sooner or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Devizes.] HYMN 132. C. M. (PAGE 274.)

1 MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad :

Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow ;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow !

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume ;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul ;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
When enter'd into rest,
I only live my God t' admire,
My God forever blest !

8 My steadfast soul from falling free,
Shall then no longer move ;
But Christ be all the world to me,
And all my heart be love.

Forest.] HYMN 133. L. M. (PAGE 269.)

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,

Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free,
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee,

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would: but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour, come away!

Alfreton.] HYMN 134. L. M. (PAGE 260.)

1 COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee,

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;

I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul ;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

Delacourt.] HYMN 135. C. M. (PAGE 291.)

1 COME, Lord and claim me for thy own,
And reign thyself in me ;
In my poor heart erect thy throne,
And make me truly free.

2 The day of thy great power I feel
And pant for liberty ;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 I hate my sins, no longer mine,
For I renounce them too ;
My weakness with thy strength I join,
Thy strength shall all subdue.

4 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And sitting at thy feet,

Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

5 Thy love the conquest more than gains,
To all I shall proclaim,
Jesus the King, the conqu'ror reigns ;
Bow down to Jesus' name..

6 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And ev'ry foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all..

Camberwell.] HYMN 136. S. M. (PAGE 261.)

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew :
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And sanctify'd by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart ;
The Spirit's law of life divine
O write it in my heart !
Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

Soul of my soul remain,
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

St. Peters.] HYMN 137. L. M. (PAGE 284.)

- 1 AN inward baptism of pure fire,
Wherewith to be baptis'd I have ;
'Tis all my longing soul's desire ;
This, only this my soul can save.
- 2 Straiten'd I am till this be done ;
Kindle in me the living flame ;
Father, in me reveal thy Son ;
Baptise me into Jesu's name.
- 3 Transform my nature into thine,
Let all my powers thine impress feel,
Let all my soul become divine,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.
- 4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpower,
Ah ! why dost thou so long delay ?
Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
And let me see the perfect day.
- 5 Behold, for thee I ever wait,
Now let in me thine image shine.
Now the new heaven and earth create
And plant with righteousness divine.
- 6 If with the wretched sons of men
It still be thy delight to live,
Come, Lord, beget my soul again,
Thyself thy quick'ning Spirit give.

Winter.] HYMN 138. C. M. (PAGE 308.)

- 1 WHEN shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and pow'r,
And perfect liberty.
- 2 Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
Come, O my Saviour, cast out sin.
And form my soul anew!
- 3 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While sanctify'd by grace,
I only for his glory burn
And always see his face.

Swanwick.] HYMN 139. C. M. (PAGE 293)

- 1 GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal!
Thy word, thy oath, to Abraham's race,
In us, ev'n us fulfil.
- 2 Let us to perfect love restor'd,
Thy image here retrieve:
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.
- 3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go
Till I my suit obtain:
- 4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown;
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt be done."

5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more ?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me the faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move ;
And all my spotless life shall show,
The omnipotence of love.

Jehudijah.] HYMN 140. L. M. (PAGE 300.)

1 HE wills that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to feel ;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul,
Accomplish'd in the change of mine ;
And plunge me, ev'ry whit made whole,
In all the depths of love div'ne !

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stay'd,
And waits to prove thine utmost will,
The promise, by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfil.

3 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which cannot move ;
Hasten the long expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

St. Peters.] HYMN 141. L. M. (PAGE 300.)

1 JESUS, thy loving Spirit alone,
Can lead me forth and make me free ;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

- 2 Now let thy spirit bring me in,
And give thy servant to possess
The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy power the same,
The same thy truth and grace endure;
And in thy blessed hands I am,
And trust thee for a perfect cure.
- 4 Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sins remove!
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Cookham.] HYMN 142 P. M. (PAGE 290.)

- 1 LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am,
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

- 2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days,
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy child in me.

Triumph.] HYMN 143. L. M. (PAGE 307.)

- 1 COME, O thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.
- 2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee resolv'd to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucify'd,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease,
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus for this we calmly wait,
O let our eyes behold thee near !
Hasten to make our heav'n complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear !

Berlin.] HYMN 144. L. M. (PAGE 305.)

1 IF now I have acceptance found
With thee, or favour in thy sight,
Still with thy grace and truth surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice.
And love thee with a filial fear !

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide :
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on ev'ry side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase,
Finish the work begun in me,
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee !

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promis'd land :
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command !

- 6 A land where milk and honey flow,
And springs of pure delights arise,
Delights which I shall shortly know,
When I regain my paradise.

Berlin.] HYMN 145. L. M. (PAGE 292.)

- 1 WHAT! never speak one evil word?
Or rash or idle, or unkind?
O how shall I, most gracious Lord,
This mark of true perfection find?
- 2 Thy sinless mind in me reveal;
Thy Spirit's plenitude impart;
And all my spotless life shall tell
Th' abundance of a loving heart.
- 3 Saviour, I long to testify
The fulness of thy saving grace:
O might thy Spirit the blood apply,
Which bought for me the sacred peace!
- 4 Forgive, and make my nature whole:
My inbred malady remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

Paradise.] HYMN 146. C. M. (PAGE 297.)

- 1 O JESUS! at thy feet we wait,
Till thou shalt bid us rise;
Restor'd to our unsinching state,
To love's sweet paradise.
- 2 Saviour from sin, we thee receive,
From all indwelling sin

Thy blood we steadfastly believe
Shall make us thoroughly clean.

3 Since thou would'st have us free from sin,
And pure as those above ;
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love !

4 The counsel of thy love fulfil :
Come quickly, gracious Lord,
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

5 O that the perfect grace were giv'n,
Thy love diffus'd abroad !
O that our hearts were all a heav'n,
For ever fill'd with God !

TRUSTING IN GRACE AND PRO- VIDENCE.

Broomsgrove.] HYMN 147. C. M. (PAGE 327.)

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul,
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends
And health, and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things ;
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee :
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore :
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Luton.] HYMN 148. L. M. (PAGE 329.)

- 1 HOW do thy mercies close me round !
For ever be thy name ador'd ;
I blush in all things to abound ;
The servant is above his Lord !

- 2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,
A suff'ring life my Master led ;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.
- 3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd
For me whom watchful angels keep ;
Yea he himself becomes my guard ;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects ; my fears begone :
What can the Rock of Ages move !
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.
- 5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest ?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
In time and in eternity ;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

Brewer.] HYMN 149. L. M. (PAGE 327.)

- 1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon :
His track I see and I'll pursue
The narrow way till Him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment:
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul. I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found,
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

New Sab.] HYMN 150. L. M. (PAGE 232.)

- 1 GOD of my life, whose gracious power,
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour.
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast ;
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find
The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
Enter, and in me ever stay :
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day !

Eaton.] HYMN 151. L. M. (PAGE 335.)

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear !
Fear shall in me no more have place,
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face :
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield ?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-trees droop and die.
The fields clude the tiller's toil.

'The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Barren although my soul remain,
And not one bud of grace appear,
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin, and only sin is here :
Although my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see ;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he died for me.

4 In hope believing against hope,
Jesus, my Lord, my God, I claim,
Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up,
Salvation is in Jesu's name :
To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
My soul shall then outstrip the wind ;
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

Heav. Joy.] HYMN 152. C. M. (PAGE 338.)

1 JESUS, great shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly :
'Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, Oh ! the wolf is nigh !

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay ;
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm ;

Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm,

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Shirland] HYMN 153. S. M. (PAGE 331.)

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head :
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone ;
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command :
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
How wise ; how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare ;
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Salford.] HYMN 154. C. M. (PAGE 326.)

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

Truro.] HYMN 155. L. M. (PAGE 336.)

1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear !
Thy great Provider still is near :
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;
His promise all may freely claim,
"Ask and receive in Jesu's name."

3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be ;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.

4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all ;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.

5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need ;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.

- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear,
Your heavenly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.
- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give ;
With him you all things shall receive.
- 8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest ;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Bramcoat.] HYMN 156. L. M. (PAGE 341.)

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine !
My longing heart implores thy grace :
O make me in thy likeness shine !
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see !
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.
- 3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow ;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood !

6 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heav'n's hosts adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glorious sign.

Portugal.] HYMN 157. L. M. (PAGE 342.)

1 ETERNAL Beam of Light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love ;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above.

2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill ;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone ;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace ;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

6 O death ! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Gorham.] HYMN 158. P. M. (PAGE 337.)

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel :
Awhile forget your grief and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints, secure above ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure :
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity ;
We soon with open face shall see

The beatific sight ;
 Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

6 The Father, shining on his throne,
 The glorious coeternal Son,
 The Spirit One and seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God be all in all.

Townhead.] HYMN 159. P. M. (PAGE 328.)

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing ;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed. be glad,
 Christ our Advocate is made :
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Falcon-St.] HYMN 160. S. M, (PAGE 344.)

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.
- 3 Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array ;

Legions of wily fiends oppose
 Throughout the evil day :
 But meet the sons of night,
 But mock their vain design,
 Arm'd in the arms of heavenly light,
 Of righteousness divine.

- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
 No weakness of the soul ;
 Take every virtue, every grace,
 And fortify the whole :
 Indissolubly joined,
 To battle all proceed ;
 But arm yourselves with all the mind
 That was in Christ your Head.

Watchman.] HYMN 161. S. M. (PAGE 347.)

- 1 HARK, how the watchmen cry !
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh ;
 The powers of hell surround ;
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !

- 2 See, on the mountain-top,
 The standard of your God !
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
 His standard-bearer, I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh ;
 He bore the cross for all.

3 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be left
To certain victory.

All pow'r to him is giv'n
He ever reigns the same
Salvation, happiness and heav'n,
Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God :
In faith your foes assail :
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the powers of hell :
From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
And rule this lower world.

Randall.] HYMN 162. C. M. (PAGE 349.)

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage ;
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall ;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Durham.] HYMN 163. S. M. (PAGE 349.)

- 1 EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight,
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my ev'ry thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and temper'd zeal,
Let me enforce thy call;
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.
- 5 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.
- 6 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Wells.] HYMN 164. L. M. (PAGE 356.)

- 1 FONDLY my foolish heart essays
T' augment the source of perfect bliss,

Love's all-sufficient sea to raise,
With drops of creature-happiness.

- 2 O love, thy sovereign aid impart ;
And guard the gift thyself hast given :
My portion, 'Thou, my treasure art,
My life, and happiness, and heaven.
- 3 Would aught on earth my wishes share ;
Though dear as life the idol be,
The idol from my breast I'll tear,
Resolv'd to seek my all in thee.
- 4 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
'Too thee, my Lord, I here restore ;
Gladly I all to thee resign ;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Rochdale.] HYMN 165. P. M. (PAGE 370.)

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed ;
We spend our wretched strength for nought,
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.
- 2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim ;
Thy glory if we now intend,

O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesu's name !

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways ;
One only thing resolv'd to know,
And square our useful lives below,
By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confin'd ;
Freely to all ourselves we give ;
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will !
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church and place,
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound !
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine :
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly-light divine !

Rippon.] HYMN 166. S. M (PAGE 356.)

1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?

Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace !
Preserv'd by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesu's praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last ;
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us all his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more :
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Annapolis.] HYMN 167. C. M. (PAGE 360.)

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart :
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each others cross we bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow ;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctify'd.

Mt. Pleasant.] HYMN 168. C. M. (PAGE 368.)

2 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke ;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptise into thy Name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

- 4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever towards each other move,
And ever move tow'ards thee.
- 5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave ;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive !
- 6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity ;
O let us, (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee !
- 7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls the change shall scarcely know
Made perfect first in love.
- 8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise :
And thence on wings of angels ride,
Triumphant through the skies.
- 9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heav'n,
Our all in all is love.

Clarendon.] HYMN 169. C. M. (PAGE 369.)

- 1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

- 2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Mt. Tabor.] HYMN 170. C. M. (PAGE 373.)

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd !
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive ;
And grace to answer grace.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.
- 6 But let us hasten to the day.
Which shall our flesh restore :
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Durham.] HYMN 171. S. M. (PAGE 377.)

- 1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair ;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are !
- 2 Jesus, the corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite !
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 O let us still proceed
In Jesu's work below ;
And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

- 4 The vineyard of the Lord
 Before his lab'ers lies :
And lo ! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies !
- 5 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend ;
That heaven of repose to find,
 Where all our labours end !
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain ;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
 Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.
- 8 The church of the first-born,
 We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
 To our eternal rest.
- 9 With joy we shall behold
 In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
 And all the saints of God.
- 10 Abrah'm and Isaac, there,
 And Jacob shall receive
The foll'wers of their faith and prayer,
 Who now in bodies live.
- 11 We shall our time beneath
 Live out in cheerful hope,

And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.

- 12 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumphs end.

Townhead.] HYMN 172 P. M. (PAGE 364.)

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree :
Show thyself the Prince of peace :
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear :
To thy church the pattern give
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above ;

On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

Melody.] HYMN 173. C. M. (PAGE 389.)

- 1 GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek Lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thy atoning blood.
- 2 Rebuke our rage, our passions chide,
Our stubborn wills control,
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,
And calm our troubled soul.
- 3 Subdue in us the carnal mind,
Its enmity destroy,
With cords of love our spirits bind,
And melt us into joy.
- 4 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.
- 5 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control,
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.
- 6 O let us find the ancient way
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

Harmony.] HYMN 174. P. M. (PAGE 371.)

- 1 ALL thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet :
 His love we proclaim, his praises repeat :
 We own him our Jesus, continually near,
 To pardon and bless us, and perfect us here.
- 2 In him we have peace, in him we have power,
 Preserv'd by his grace throughout the dark hour :
 In all our temptations he keeps us to prove
 His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.
- 3 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free ;
 Ah ! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?
 The peace thou hast given, this moment impart,
 And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart.

Rochester.] HYMN 175. C. M. (PAGE 372.)

- 1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
 The promis'd blessing give !
 Met in thy name, we look to thee,
 Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
 Who in thy name are join'd ;
 We wait according to thy word,
 Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here,
 But, O ! thyself reveal !
 Son of the living God, appear !
 Let us thy presence feel.

- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live ;
Speak peace unto our hearts and say,
“ The Holy Ghost receive.
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the Crucify'd ;
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.
- 6 Cause us the record to receive !
Speak, and the tokens show,
“ O be not faithless, but believe,
“ In Me, who died for you !”

Peterborough.] HYMN 176. C. M. (PAGE 375.)

- 1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace !
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Thro' thee we now together came
In singleness of heart ;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name ;
And in thy name we part.
- 3 We part in body, not in mind ;
Our minds continue one :
And each to each, in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.
- 4 Subsists as in us all one soul ;
No power can make us twain ;
And mountains rise and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

- 5 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.
- 6 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit :
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.
- 7 Our life is hid with Christ in God !
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.
- 8 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay ;
But He shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.
- 9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
And he shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.
- 10 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine :
O what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join.
- 11 O what a joyful meeting there !
In robes of white array'd :
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through :
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
When all shall be brought home !
Come, O Redeemer, come away !
O Jesus, quickly come !

PASTORAL.

Thatcher.] HYMN 177. S. M. (PAGE. 396.)

- 1 LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view ;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure Gospel-word,
The word of gen'ral grace ;
Then let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

- 5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love !

Brewer.] HYMN 178. L. M. (PAGE 398)

- 1 FATHER, if justly still we claim,
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head
- 2 Our claim admit and from above,
Of holiness the spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.
- 3 The spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative impart :
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart.
- 4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.
- 5 The Spirit of faith in this thy day,
To break the power of cancell'd sin ;
Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
And still the conquest more than win.
- 6 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy law may write ;
Then grief expires, and pain and strife ;
'Tis nature all, and all delight.

Luton.] HYMN 179. L. M. (PAGE 399.)

- 1 COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord,
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the Gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go,
Speak to their trembling heart and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show :
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

ark in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare ;
Prepare your hearts for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there !
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;
Sinners, repent, the call obey :
Open your hearts to make him room ;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.
- 5 The Lord shall cheer his way through all :
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;
The vale shall rise the mountain fall,
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.
- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Burslem.] HYMN 180. L. M. (PAGE 400.)

- 1 HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys,

Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see ;
Beneath his easy yoke they move ;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

3 See where the servants of the Lord,
A busy multitude, appear ;
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts contrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands ;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
'Their industry vouchsafes to crown :
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promis'd blessing down.

6 The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above ;
He all his gracious fulness showers
To perfect their great work of love.

7 O multiply thy sower's seed,
And fruit they every hour shall bear ;
Throughout the world thy Gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare !

8 We then, in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,

Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

Parvus.] HYMN 181. L. M. (PAGE 401.)

- 1 DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near,
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right-hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear;
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word;
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

Warrington.] HYMN 182. L. M. (PAGE 402.)

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame ;
All hail reproach and welcome pain ;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd !
- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of pow'r :
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be :
'Tis fixt ; I can do all through thee.

Mt. Pleasant.] HYMN 183. C. M. (PAGE 406.)

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given !
It scatters all their guilt and fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace ;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, " Behold the Lamb !"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name !
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
" Behold, behold the lamb !"

Melody.] HYMN 184. C. M. (PAGE 406.)

1 JESUS, my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bless,
Thy conqu'ring name I sing.

2 Thou Lord, hast magnify'd thy name,
Thou hast maintain'd thy cause,
And I enjoy the glorious shame,
The scandal of thy cross.

3 Thou gavest me to speak thy word,
In the appointed hour ;
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's pow'r.

4 Superior to my foes I stood,
Above their smile or frown :
On all the strangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

- 5 O let me have thy presence still,
Set as a flint my face,
To show the counsel of thy will,
Which saves a world by grace !
- 6 O let me never blush to own
The glorious Gospel-word ;
Which saves a world through faith alone
Faith in a dying Lord !

Egypt.] HYMN 185. S. M. (PAGE 407.)

- 1 "I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare !
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past ;
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine.
Just as the port is gain'd ;
"Kept by the pow'r of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd."
- 4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was giv'n
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

ON THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

Hamilton] HYMN 186. L. M. (PAGE 416.)

- 1 JESUS shall reigh where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.

Ascension.] HYMN 187. C. M. (PAGE 420.)

- 1 FATHER of me and all mankind,
And all the hosts above ;
Let ev'ry understanding mind
Unite to praise thy love !
- 2 To know thy nature and thy name,
One God in persons Three ;
And glorify the great I AM,
Through all eternity.

- 3 Thy kingdom come with pow'r and grace,
 To ev'ry heart of man :
 Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 In all our bosoms reign.
- 4 'Thy righteousness our sins keep down,
 'Thy peace our passions bind ;
 And let us, in thy joy unknown,
 The first dominion find.
- 5 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 into our souls bring in.
- 6 The kingdom of establish'd peace,
 Which can no more remove ;
 The perfect pow'r of godliness,
 Th' omnipotence of love.

Warrington.] HYMN 188. L. M. (PAGE 417.)

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake !
 'Thine own immortal strength put on !
 With terror cloth'd, hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast thy foes with fury down.
- 2 As in the ancient days appear ;
 The sacred annals speak thy fame ;
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursu'd in vain,
 'To thee the ransom'd seed shall come
 Shouting, their heav'nly Zion gain,
 And pass through death triumphant home.

- 4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care ;
Their sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 5 Where pure essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeem'd their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crown'd
And fill'd with love, and lost in praise.

CHRISTMAS.

Dursley.] HYMN 189. S. M. (PAGE 422.)

- 1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for th precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son !
The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.
- 2 Jesus, the holy Child,
Doth by his birth declare,
That God and man are reconcil'd
And one in him we are,
Salvation through his name
To all mankind is given,
And loud his infant cries proclaim
A peace twixt earth and heaven.
- 3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end :

The Lord of hosts, the King of kings
 Declares himself our Friend ;
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we his grace may gain :
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
 He doth to us impart,
 And pure benevolence and love
 O'erflow the faithful heart :
 Chang'd in a moment, we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meetly in his spirit live !
 And in his love increase !
 Till he convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
 Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
 And take us up to God !

Delacourt.] HYMN 190. C. M. (PAGE 427.)

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran.
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.

- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo 'olt'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than' heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
' Glory to God on high ;
Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die "
- 6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer. Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

NEW YEAR.

Florida.] HYMN 191. C. M. (PAGE 430,

- 1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
All praise to him belongs,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs :

His providence hath brought us through
 Another various year ;
 We all with vows and anthems new
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care :
 To thee presenting, through thy Son,
 Whate'er we have or are :
 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine wholly thine shall be ;
 And all our consecrated powers,
 A sacrifice to thee ;
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear,
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.

Kingsworth.] HYMN 192. P. M. (PAGE 429.)

1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days !
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground !
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;

Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
Another and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword,
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of the Lord
Cried, "Let it still alone!"
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood,
From God obtain'd the grace;
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer space;
Thou didst in our behalf appear,
And lo! we see another year!

5 Then dig about the root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our gracious fruit
To thy great praise abound;
O let us all thy praise declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Wormley.] HYMN 193. S. M. (PAGE 432.)

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high,
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

- 2 Let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe !
- 3 How beauteous nature now !
How dark and sad before !
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day ;
Or Jesu's blood, like evening dew
Wash all its stains away !
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past :
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,
And spirit one in three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

Guernsey.] HYMN 194. C. M. (PAGE 434.)

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound :
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

Devotion.] HYMN 195. C. M. (PAGE 435.)

1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine :
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Wormley.] HYMN 196. S. M. (PAGE 436.)

1 SEE how the morning sun,
Pursues his shining way ;

And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul;
Its heav'nly Parent sing;
An to its great Original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept, and I awoke and found,
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew,
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

Petersburgh.] HYMN 197. L. M. (PAGE 437.)

1 MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light;
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Florida.] HYMN 198. C. M. (PAGE 438.)

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day ;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.
- 2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep :
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.
- 2 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace ;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.
- 4 Bright Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul,
To everlasting day.

Adisham.] HYMN 199. L. M. (PAGE 440.)

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;

While well-appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

FOR THE SABBATH.

Petersburgh.] HYMN 200. L. M. (PAGE 458.)

- 1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest,
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns,
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blest foretaste of heav'n,
On this day more than all the sev'n.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heav'nly calm within the breast,
Is the blest pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan,

With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts pass away ;
How sweet ! a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

Berstead.] HYMN 201. P. M. (PAGE 459.)

- 1 THE Saviour meets his flock to-day,
Shall I in sloth abide at home ?
Shall I behind the people stay ?
When Jesus kindly bids me come,
I'll go ; it is a place of prayer,
In hope that God may meet me there.
- 2 How long did faithful Hannah wait,
And serv'd the Lord for many years,
Attending at the temple gate,
With fasting, and with many tears ?
She seldom left the house of pray'r,
Till God was pleas'd to meet her there.
- 3 Then oh ! my Lord, give me the pow'r ;
And like the saints I'll watch for thee :
In earnest wait the joyful hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me :
Now give the justifying grace,
And sav'd from sin, show me thy face.
- 4 Remove temptation. O my Lord ;
And let mine enemies be slain,
Which would withdraw me from thy word,
And plunge me in the world again :
And always ready may I stand,
To take my seat at thy right-hand.

READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Clifton.] HYMN 202. C. M. (PAGE 460.)

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for mov'd by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Florida.] HYMN 203. C. M. (PAGE 462.)

- 1 THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold :
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
- 2 Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet ;
Here promises of heav'nly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

- 3 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supply'd :
Nought we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book deny'd.
- 4 For these inestimable gains,
That to enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

Colford.] HYMN 204. C. M. (PAGE 462.)

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word,
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want,
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !

- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.
-

PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

Sion.] HYMN 205. P. M. (PAGE 465.)

- 1 I LONG to behold Him array'd
With glory and light from above ;
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !
- 2 With Him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word,
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord :
But when on thy bosom reclin'd,
Thy face I am strengthen'd to see,
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.
- 3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above !
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No sickness or sorrow shall prove ;
Physician of souls, unto me
Forgiveness and holiness give ;

And then from the body set free,
And then to the city receive.

Arlington.] HYMN 206. C. M. (PAGE 471.)

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks, and hills and brooks, and vale,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay !

Though Jordon's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in perpetual, joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

Devotion.] HYMN 207. C. M. (PAGE 472.)

1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say ;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof,
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs !

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In ev'ry trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more,
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence,
To bring believers home.

- 4 E'er first I drew this vital breath,
 From nature's prison free.
 Crosses in number, measure, weight,
 Were written, Lord, for me :
 But thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,
 Hast led me kindly on,
 Taught me to rest my ainting head
 On Christ, the corner-stone
- 5 So comforted, and so sustain'd,
 With dark events I strove,
 And found when rightly understood,
 All messengers of love ;
 With silence and submissive awe,
 Ador'd a chast'ning God,
 Réver'd the terrors of his law,
 And humbly kiss'd the rod.

Alderton.] HYMN 208 P. M. (PAGE 474.)

- 1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
 How free from ev'ry anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 This happiness in part is mine,
 Already sav'd from low design,
 From every creature-love !
 Blest with the scorn of finite good,
 My soul is lighten'd of its load,
 And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue ;
 A happiness beyond the view

Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no babes to hold me here ;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim :
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.

5 No foot of land do I possess ;
No cottage in this wilderness :
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below ;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

6 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

7 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

8 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
I come to meet thee in the skies,

And claim my heavenly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

FUNERAL HYMNS.

Egypt.] HYMN 209. S. M (PAGE 477.)

- 1 AND am I born to die ?
 To lay this body down ?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown ?
 A land of deepest shade
 Unpierc'd by human thought ;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot !

- 2 Soon as from earth I go
 What will become of me ?
 Eternal happiness or wo
 Must then my portion be !
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd
 And see the flaming skies !

- 3 How shall I leave my tomb ?
 With triumph or regret ?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet ?
 Will angel bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?

Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there ?

- 4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast ?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest ?
I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell ;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

Kennebeck.] HYMN 210. P. M. (PAGE 478.)

- 1 AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains ?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity ?
- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay :
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day !
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone ;
If now the Judge is at thy door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ ;
A moment's misery or joy ;

But oh ! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destin'd place ?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend ?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies !
How make mine own election sure ;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness !
Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !
And whensoever I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace !

Shields.] HYMN 211 C. M. (PAGE 481.)

I AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest :
That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain ;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliv'rer come ;

And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise !
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
They all are rob'd in spotless white.
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
'Take life or friends away :
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

Light-Street.] HYMN 212. P. M (PAGE 484.)

1 REJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above ;
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind,
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind ;

Still toss'd on a sea of distress ;
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
The voyage of life's at an end,
'The mortal affliction is past :
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

Canada.] HYMN 213. L. M. (PAGE 490.)

- 1 SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet ;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die,—my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see :
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me !
- 3 O that without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive !
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live !
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certify'd that thou art mine,
My spirit calm, and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesu's presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Nazareth.] HYMN 214. L. M. (PAGE 491.)

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years;
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Paradise.] HYMN 215. C. M. (PAGE 493.)

- 1 THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast ;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love :
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill ;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine ;
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

ON THE JUDGMENT.

Aylesbury.] HYMN 216. S. M. (PAGE 494.)

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread
We all shall soon appear ;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray :
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When rob'd in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears ;
The solemn midnight cry,
“ Ye dead, the Judge is come ;
Arise. and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom !”
- 4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to thy word,

Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord !
O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest :
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

Judgment.] HYMN 217. L. M. (PAGE 496.)

- 1 He comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe ;
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord !
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

Old Windsor.] HYMN 218. C. M. (PAGE 498.)

- 1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say ?

- 2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live !
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here !
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow ;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near !
And make my peace with God before
I at thy bar appear.

Old Hundred.] HYMN 219. L. M. (PAGE 499.)

- 1 THE great archangel's trump shall sound,
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar,)
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shriek to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness :
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.

4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmov'd amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

5 The earth and all the works therein
Dissolve, by raging flames destroy'd ;
While we survey the awful scene,
And mount above the fiery void.

6 By faith we now transcend the skies,
And on that ruin'd world look down :
By love above all height we rise,
And share the everlasting throne.

Old Windsor.] HYMN 220. C. M. (PAGE 502.)

1 WO to the men on earth who dwell,
Nor dread th' Almighty's frown ;
When God doth all his wrath reveal,
And shower his judgement down.

2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers :
To meet your God prepare !
For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
His phial on the air.

3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap :
The mountains are not found ;
Transported far into the deep,
And in the ocean drown'd.

4 Who then shall live, and face the throne,
And face the Judge severe ?
When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
O where shall I appear ?

5 Now, only now, against that hour,
We may a place provide ;
Beyond the grave, beyond the power
Of hell, our spirits hide.

6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
May view the final scene ;
For, lo ! the everlasting Rock
Is cleft to take us in !

Egypt] HYMN 221. S. M. (PAGE 505.)

1 BEHOLD ! with awful pomp,
The Judge prepares to come,
Th' archangel sounds the dreadful trump ;
And wakes the gen'ral doom.

2 Nature, in wild amaze,
Her dissolution mourns,
Elushes of blood the moon deface ;
The sun to darkness turns.

3 The living look with dread ;
The frightened dead arise :
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes.

4 Horrors all hearts appal,
They quake ; they shriek , they cry ;
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall,
But rocks and mountains fly.

5 Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let dangers make you wise :
Carnal professors, careless souls,
Unclose your sleeping eyes.

- 6 'Tis time we all awake ;
The dreadful day draws near :
Sinners, your proud presumption check,
And stop your wild career.
- 7 Now is th' accepted time,
To Christ for mercy fly ;
O turn, repent, and trust in him ;
And you shall never die.
- 8 Great God in whom we live,
Prepare us for that day,
Help us in Jesus to believe,
To watch, and wait, and pray.

BOOK II.

Selected from Dr. Watt's Psalms and Hymns ; and numbered as they are in his Book.

HYMN 1. L. M. (PSALM 19.)

*The books of nature and of scripture compared ;
or, the glory and success of the gospel.*

- 1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines :
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand :
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light ;

- Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

HYMN 2. C. M. (PSALM 24.)

Dwelling with God.

- 1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race ;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode ?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This man may rise, and freely take
The blessings of his grace ;
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare !
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.
- 5 The King of Glory ! who can tell
The wonders of his might ?
He rules the nations ; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

HYMN 3. S. M (PSALM 25. 2d Part.)

Ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.

Divine instruction.

- 1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God ;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod ?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their maker's face :
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

HYMN 4. C. M. (PSALM 27. 2d Part.)

Ver 8, 9, 13, 14.

Prayer and hope.

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart repli'd without delay,
"I'll seek my father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;

God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die.
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

HYMN 5. S. M. (PSALM 32.)

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

HYMN 6. L M. (PSALM 34. 1st Part.,
*God's care of the saints; or, deliverance by
prayer.*

- 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine:
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;

But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

HYMN 7. C. M. (PSALM 36.)

Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.

Practical atheism exposed : or, the being and attributes of God asserted.

- 1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“ Their thoughts believe there’s none.”
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate’er their lips profess)
“ God hath no wrath for them to fear
Nor will they seek his grace.”
- 3 What strange self-flatt’ry blinds their eyes !
But there’s a hast’ning hour,
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow’r.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom’d sea.
- 5 Above these heav’n’s created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast :

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

HYMN 8. C. M. (PSALM 39. 2d Part.)
Ver. 4—7.

The vanity of man is mortal.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame,
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

- 2 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall ;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

HYMN 9. C. M. (PSALM 39. 3d Part.)

Ver. 9—13.

Sick bed devotion ; or, pleading without repining.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord ;
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
" Remove thy sharp rebukes ;"
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust ;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke !
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.]

HYMN 10. L. M. (PSALM 40.)

VER. 5—10. *Christ our sacrifice.*

- 1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears !
To thy designs he bows his ears ;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 " Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)

" I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 " 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfil the Saviour's part ;
And lo ! thy law is in my heart.

6 " I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

7 " The Spirit shall descend, and show
What thou hast done, and what I do :
The wand'ring world shall learn thy grace,
Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

HYMN 11. C. M. (PSALM 50. 1st Part.)

The last judgement ; or, the saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh ;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
" Judgement will ne'er begin ;"
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way ;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come ;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 5 " But gather all my saints," he cries,
" That made their peace with God
By the redeemer's sacrifice,
And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 " Their faith and works brought forth to
light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right,
And heav'n adore my grace."

HYMN 12 L. M. (PSALM 51 1st Part.)

A penitent pleading for pardon.

- 1 SHEW pity. Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God. thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;

Lord, should thy judgement grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 13. L. M. (PSALM 51. 3d Part.)
*The backslider restored ; or, repentance and faith
in the blood of Christ.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry ;
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And from my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne.
To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviours blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 14. C. M. (PSALM 51. 2d. Part.)

Ver. 14—17.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone ;

The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise :
A humble groan. a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

HYMN 15. S. M. (PSALM 55.)

Ver. 15,—17, 19, 22.

Dangerous prosperity ; or, daily devotion encouraged.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God !
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord ;

I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground, on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

HYMN 16. S. M. (PSALM 61.)

Ver. 1--6

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies ;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

HYMN 17. C. M. (PSALM 63. 1st Part.)

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The morning of a Lord's-day,

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face :

My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine !

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

HYMN 18. C. M. (PSALM 65. 3d Part.)
The blessings of the spring ; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

- 2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

HYMN 19. C. M. (PSALM 69. 3d Part.)

*Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified,
and sinners saved.*

- 1 FATHER! I sing thy wond'rous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal

Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goats' or bullocks' blood.

4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever blest.

5 Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Isr'el waits.

HYMN 20. C. M. (PSALM 71. 2d Part.)
Ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore !
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

HYMN 21. C. M. (PSALM 73. 2d Part.)

Ver. 23—28,

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;

Thine hand couduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
‘Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint !
God is my soul’s eternal rock,
The strength of ev’ry saint.

5 Behold the sinners, that remove
Far from thy présence, die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

HYMN 22. C. M. (PSALM 78. 1st Part.)

*Providences of God recorded ; or, pious education
and instruction of children.*

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform’d of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known ;
His works of power and grace ;
And we’ll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

HYMN 23. L. M. (PSALM 84. 2d Part.)

God and his church ; or, grace and glory.

- 1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease. nor thrones of pow'r
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun ; he makes our day :
God is our shield ; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;

And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

HYMN 24. L. M. (PSALM 92. 1st Part.)

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God my King,
To praise thy name give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word !
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die :
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor satan break my peace again,

- 7 Then shall I see, and hear and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 25. S. M. (PSALM 95.)

A Psalm before sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord :
 We are his works, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race ;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd rest
 " Shall have no portion there."

HYMN 26. C. M. (PSALM 98. 1st Part.)

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.
- 2 He spake the word to Abrah'm first,
His truth fulfils his grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

HYMN 27. C. M. (PSALM 102. 2d Part.)

Ver. 13- -21,

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice!
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes :
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their signs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death ;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said " that praying breath
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the lord.

HYMN 28. L. M. (PSALM 103. 1st Part.)

Ver. 1—7.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 BLESS. O my soul. the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels.

Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
And often gives the suff'ers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace :
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

HYMN 29. S. M (PSALM 103. 1st Part.)

Ver. 1--7.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest :
The Lord hath judgement for the proud
And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

HYMN 30. L. M. (PSALM 107. 2d Part.)

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name ;
God and his grace are still the same ;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God that rules the skies ;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the councils of the Lord ;
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found :
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness, and the shades of death.

- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade
That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

HYMN 31. L. M. (PSALM 107. 4th Part.)

*Deliverence from storms and shipwreck; or, the
seaman's song.*

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners. and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
'That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain;
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry:

His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage
The furious waves forget their rage :
'Tis calm ; and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

HYMN 32. C. M. (PSALM 137.)

The mariner's Psalm.

1 **THY** works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves ;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again :
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath ;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the fools to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storms allay'd :
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those who see thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wond'rous love record.

HYMN 33. L. M. (PSALM 112.)

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God, with all his pow'r. is there.

4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

HYMN 34. C. M. (PSALM 116. 1st Part.)

Recovery from sickness.

1 I LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan ;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord ; he bowed his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away :
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead ;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just,
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
Thy pow'r, is all my trust."

- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,
 He bid my pains remove :
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears ;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

HYMN 35. C. M. (PSALM 116. 2d Part.)

Ver. 12, &c.

*Vows, made in trouble, paid in the church ; or
 public thanks for private deliverance.*

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown ?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
 My off'rings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight ;
 How precious is thy blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
Nor shall thy purpose move ;
Thy hands hath loos'd my bonds of pain
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

HYMN 36. L. M. (PSALM 117.)

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
'Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 37. S. M. (PSALM 117.)

1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands ;
Great is thy grace and sure thy word !
Thy truth for ever stands.

5 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
'Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

HYMN 38. C. M. (PSALM 118. 1st Part.)

Ver. 6--15.

Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
Of what the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
A large and angry swarm;
But I shall all their rage confound
By thine Almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days;
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his Almighty grace.

HYMN 39. C. M. (PSALM 118. 3d Part.)

Ver 22, 23.

Christ the foundation of his church.

- 1 BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock, the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

HYMN 40. C. M. (PSALM 118. 4th Part.)

Ver. 24—26.

Hosanna ; the Lord's day ; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 41. S. M. (PSALM 118.)

Ver. 22—27.

*An hosanna for the Lord's-day ; or, a new song
of salvation by Christ.*

1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The Scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes ;

This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints ;
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

HYMN 42. L. M. (PSALM 118.)

Ver. 22—27.

*An hosanna for the Lord's Day : or, a new song
of salvation by Christ.*

1 LO ! what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse ;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad ;
Hosanna, let his name be blest :

A thousand bonours on his head,
With peace and light and glory rest !

- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race ;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

HYMN 43. C. M. (PSALM 122.)

Going to church.

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 I love her gates. I love the road ;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair ;
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints !
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest !

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains
Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

HYMN 44. C. M. (PSALM 130.)

Pardoning grace.

- 1 OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair.
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God ;
For crimes of high degree !
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes :
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
 Let Israel seek his face ;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous in his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslav'd ,
 The great Redeemer is his Son :
 And Israel shall be sav'd.

HYMN 45. C. M. (PSALM 131.)

Humility and submission.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart ?
 Search, gracious God, and see ;
 Or do I act a haughty part ?
 Lord I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let Saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

HYMN 46. L. M. (PSALM 132.)

Ver. 5, 13—18.

At the Settlement of a Church ; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God,

A dwelling for th' eternal mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood ?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord ;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread :
Sinners that wait before my door
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine ;
Not Aaron in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys shall shout and sing ;
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here t' uphold his glorious name ;
His crown shall flourish on his head
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

HYMN 47. C. M. (PSALM 133.)

Brotherly love.

1 LO, what an entertaining view
Are brethren who agree,

Brethren, whose cheerfull hearts pursue,
The path to unity !

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

HYMN 48. L. M. (PSALM 139. 3d Part.)

*Sincerity profest, and grace tryed; or, the heart-
searching God.*

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will !
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit ?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord search my soul, try ev'ry thought ;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
 O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

HYMN 49. C. M. (PSALM 145. 1st Part.)

Ver. 1—7, 11—13.

The greatness of God.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy shall be the same,
 In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
 And let his praise be great :
 I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name;
 And children learn thy ways
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known ;
 Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly state,
 With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love ;

And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

HYMN 50. C. M. (PSALM 145. 3d Part.)
Ver. 14—17, &c.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

- 1 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
He saves the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]

- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

HYMN 51. C. M. (HYMN 1. Book 1.)

A new Song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9 10, 12.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the lamb
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid ;

Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free ;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 52. S. M. (HYMN 3. B. 1.)

The nativity of Christ.

Luke i. 30, &c—ii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary the wond'rous virgin bears,
And Jesus is the child !

2 [The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son ;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway ;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

- 5 "Go humble swains," said he,
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 "With looks and heart serene,
Go visit Christ your king;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherd heard them sing.
- 7 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."
- 8 [In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:
- 9 "Glory to God on high!
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

HYMN 53. C. M. (HYMN 5. B. 1.)

Submission to afflictive providences.

Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first.
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,

Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 54. C. M. (HYMN 6. B. 1.)

Triumph over death.

Job xix. 25, 26, 27

1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay,

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs ;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqn'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon the unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 55. L. M. (HYMN 15. B. 1.)

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day,"
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me ;
When I am weak. then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there,
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost ;

Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight. and lost his eyes.

HYMN 56. C. M. (HYMN 16. B. 1.)

Hosanna to Christ.

Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38. 40.

- 1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line !
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The Root of David here, we find,
And offspring is the same ;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our immanuel's name.
- 3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n !
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be giv'n !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 57. C. M. (HYMN 17. B. 1.)

Victory over death.

1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quiv'ring lips should sing,
 "Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
 And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
 Death hath no sting beside:
 The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
 But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
 'Through Christ, our living head.

HYMN 58. C. M. (HYMN 19. B. 1.)

The Song of Simeon; or, death made desirable.

Luke i. 27, &c.

- 1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here;
 O make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
 The good old man was fill'd,
 When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
 He clasp'd the holy Child!
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd;
 Behold thy servant dies;
 I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the Light prepar'd to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands:

Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then, will ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul]

HYMN 59. C. M. (HYMN 20. B. 1.)

Spiritual apparel ; namely, the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation.

Isa. lxi. 10.

1 AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !

These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

5 The Spirit wrought by faith and love,
And hope in ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN 60. C. M. (HYMN 21. B. 1.)

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
" Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 " The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode ;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the lovihg God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From ev'ry weeping eye :
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
 fears,
 And death itself shall die."

6 How long dear Saviour, O how long !
 Shall this bright hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 61. C. M. (HYMN 27. B. 1.)

Assurance of heaven ; or, a saint prepared to die.

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home ;
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The righteous Judge, at that great day,
 Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
 This price for me alone ;
 But all that love and long to see
 The appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill design ;

And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

HYMN 62. C. M. (HYMN 29. B. 1.)

*The triumph of Christ ; or, the ruin of Anti-
christ.*

Ver. 4,5,6,7.

- 1 " I LEFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where Antichrist has stood ;
The city of my gospel foes
Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has study'd just revenge,
And now the day appears,
The day of my redeem'd is come,
To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
And bids my fury go :
Swift as the light'ning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.
- 4 " I call for helpers, but in vain :
Then has my gospel none ?
Well, mine own arm has might enough
To crush my foes alone.
- 5 " Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
Shall walk the streets around,

Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
And stagger to the ground."

- 6 Thine honours, O victorious King
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our deliv'rer praise.

HYMN 63. C. M. (HYMN 32. B. 1.)

Strength from heaven.

Isa. xl. 2, 28, 29. 30.

- 1 WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die.
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasures is.

HYMN 64. L. M. (HYMN 40. B. 1.)

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 "WHAT happy men, or angels these,
That all their robes are spotless white ?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?"
- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
Through seas of their own blood they came
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne
With loud hosannas night and day ;
Sweet anthems, to the great Three-One,
Measure their blest eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls ;
He bids their parching thirst be gone ;
And spreads the shadow of his wings
'To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb, that fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams ;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN 65. L. M. (HYMN 48. B. 1.)

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, (away, our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shalt melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 66. C. M. (HYMN 49. B. 1.)

The works of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb!

- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing,
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Isr'el went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home,
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame.
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 67. S. M. (HYMN 51. B. 1.)

Preserving grace.

Jude 24, 25.

- 1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,

Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 68. L. M. (HYMN 52. B. 1.)

Baptism.

Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go, teach the nations, and baptise."
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptis'd," he saith,
"For the remissions of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shews us what his gospel means.

- 4 Our souls he washes in the blood,
As water makes the body clean ;
And the good spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record !

HYMN 69. C. M. (HYMN 55. B. 1.)

Hezekiah's song ; or, sickness and recovery.

Isa. xxxviii. 9 &c.

- 1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song ;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears :
"Our days are past. and we shall lose
The remnant of our years."
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands ;

Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

- 6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 70. L. M. (HYMN 60. B. 1.)
The Virgin Mary's song; or, the promised Mes-
siah born.

Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God the Saviour we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abrah'm and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;"
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait,
 No more the Gentiles he forlorn;
 Lo the Desire of Nations comes;
 Behold the promis'd seed is born!

HYMN 71. S. M. (HYMN 64. B. 1.)

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

- 1 BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
 Like slaves beneath the throne;

Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 72. L. M. (HYMN 66. B. 1.)

Christ the King at his table. Solomon's Song,
i. 2--5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest is his heav'nly love :
The voice that tells me, 'Thou art mine,'
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the savour of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms ;
My soul shall fly into thine arms :
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys ;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,
Yet then we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his table sits the king,
He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh new-bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me :
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare ;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

. HYMN 73 L. M. (HYMN 67. B. 1.)

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.

Solomon's Song, i. 7.

- 1 THOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweeter pastures grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see ;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and
tears.

- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood ;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN 74. L M. (HYMN 69. B. 1.)

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company. Solomon's Song, ii. 8--13.

- 1 THE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me ;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue ;
" Rise." saith my Lord, " make haste away
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 " The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
The sacred turtle-dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 " Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit,"
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
" Rise up, my love, make haste away !"

Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 75. L. M. (HYMN 70. B. 1.)

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation. Solomon's Song. ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.
- 2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;
My graces in thy countenance meet ;
Though the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives ;
Th' thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and that of praise.
- 5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts our hopes, our passions join ;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds :
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 Till the day break. and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darknes mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.]

HYMN 76. L. M. (HYMN 71. B. 1.)

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church. Solomon's Song, iii. 1--5.

1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night :
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchmen of the night.
“ Where did you see my soul's delight ?

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

4 [I bring him to my mother's home ;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;

I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys
Approach not to disturb my joys ;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 77. L. M. (HYMN 73. B. 1.)
The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.
Solomon's Song. iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word ;
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries ;
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys :
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk, nor honey tastes so well.]
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ;
"I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms !
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair ;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains."

- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
 From this wild world of beasts and men,
 To Zion, where his glories are ;
 Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
 Nor earthly joys nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
 When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 78. L. M. (HYMN 74. B. 1.)

The church the garden of Christ.

Solomon's Song iv. 12, 13. 15, and v. 1.

- 1 We are a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
 A little spot ; inclos'd by grace,
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
 Planted by God, the Father's hand,
 And all his springs in Sion flow,
 To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume ;
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our Saviour God :
 And faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my beloved come and taste
 His pleasant fruits at his own feast ;

I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

7 Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

HYMN 79. L. M. (HYMN 75. B. 1.)

The description of Christ, the beloved.

Solomon's Song v 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wond'ring world enquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love?

2 Yes, my beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

- 4 [His head the finest gold excels ;
There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Close by the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold ;
Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints ;
His countenance more graceful is
'Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd ;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 80. L. M. (HYMN 76. B. 1.)

Christ dwells in Heaven but visits on earth.

Solomon's Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face,
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shews me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.]

HYMN 81. L. M. (HYMN 77. B. 1.)

The love of Christ to the church in the language to her, and provisions for her.

Solomon's Song, vii, 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

- 1 NOW, in the gall'ries of his grace,
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love how pleasant for delight!"
- 2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip,
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old, laid up in store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

HYMN 82. L. M. (HYMN 78. B. 1.)

The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own. Solomon's Song, viii. 5—7, 13, 14.

- 1 WHO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,

And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans ?

- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood ;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.
- 3 " O let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand ;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love forever there.
- 4 ' Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown ;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart ;
Then let thy name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 " Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see.
And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 " Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN 83. L. M. (HYMN 80. B. 1.)

An evening hymn.

Psa. iv. 8, & iii. 5, 6, & cxliii. 8.

- 1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,

And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorials of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvations in the sound.]

HYMN 84. L. M. (HYMN 81. B. 1.)

A song for morn'g or evening.

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

1 MY God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 85. L. M. (HYMN 87. B. 1.)

God dwells with the humble and penitent.

Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in mine own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;
'The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live:
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 [When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.'],
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die;

Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of my chast'ning love.]

HYMN 86. L. M. (HYMN 88. B. 1.)

Life the day of grace and hope.

Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace. and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust:
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 87. L. M. (HYMN 89. B. 1.)

Youth and judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know
There is a day of judgement too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts ;
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' ;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 88. L. M. (HYMN 91. B. 1.)

Advice to youth ; or, old age and death in an un-converted state.

Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa xlv. 20.

- 1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God :

Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone."

- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal king ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know how frail I am ;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 89. S. M. (HYMN 92. B. 1.)

Christ the wisdom of God.

Prov. viii. 1, 22, 32.

- 1 SHALL wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal word,
Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 "I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 [Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.

- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order when the sun should rise,
And marshal ev'ry star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep;
I gave the flood a firm decree
In its own bounds to keep.]
- 6 Upon the empty air,
The earth was balanc'd well!
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways,
The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 90. L. M. (HYMN 93. B. 1.)

Christ, or wisdom obeyed or resisted.

Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 **THUS** saith the wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word,
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain

Immortal life is his reward,
Life and the favour of the Lord.

- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own soul an injury ;
Fools that against my grace rebel
Seek death, and love the road to hell.

HYMN 91. L. M. (HYMN 97. B. 1.)

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. I. Cor. i. 30.

- 1 BURY'D in the shadows of the night,
We lie 'till Christ restores the light,
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 92. S. M. (HYMN 98. B. 1.)

The same.

- 1 HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise ?
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n,
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 93. C. M. (HYMN 99. B. 1.)

*Stones made children of Abraham ; or grace not
conveyed by religious parents. Matt. iii. 9.*

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
Their fathers now with God.

- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell
 Can take the hardest stones,
 And fill the house of Abraham well
 With new created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess,
 Who form'd our mortal frame,
 Who call'd the world from emptiness ;
 The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN 94. L. M. (HYMN 101. B. 1.)

Joy in Heaven for a repenting sinner.

Luke xv. 7, 10.

- 1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love ;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he form'd anew,
 And saints and angels join to sing
 The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 95. L. M. (HYMN 102. B. 1.)

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 2—12.

- 1 BLEST are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty ;
 'Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion. noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN 96. C. M. (HYMN 104. B. 1.)

A state of nature and grace. I. Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
 The wanton or the proud,
 Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
 The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
 By nature and by sin,
 Heirs of immortal misery,
 Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
 We're pardon'd through his name,
 And the good spirit of our God
 Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
 To keep thy just commands!
 We would defile our hearts no more,
 No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 97. C. M. (HYMN 105. B. 1.)

Heaven invisible and holy.

I. Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those that love the Son.

2 But the good spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.

- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN 98. S. M. (HYMN 106. B. 1.)

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ.

Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 99. L. M. (HYMN 108. B. 1.)

Christ unseen and beloved. I. Pet. i. 8.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN 100. L. M. (HYMN 109. B. 1.)

The value of Christ and his righteousness.

Phil. iii 7, 8, 9.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love, I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne ;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 101. C. M. (HYMN 110. B. 1.)

Death and immediate glory. II. Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high,
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 'Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n ;
 And as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit giv'n.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word ;
 But while his body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see,
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 102. C. M. (HYMN 111. B. 1.)

Salvation by grace. Titus iii, 3, 7.

- 1 [LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our guilt has been !

Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 103. C. M. (HYMN 112. B. 1.)

The brazen serpent ; or, looking to Jesus.

II John, Ver. 14—16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forebore to die.

- 2 "Look upwards in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 104. C. M. (HYMN 113. B. 1.)

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.

Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 HOW large the promise! how divine;
To Abra'm and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n,
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways;
His love endures the same;

Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out his children's name.

HYMN 105. C. M. (HYMN 115. B. 1.)

Conviction of sin by the law.

Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14. 24.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread !
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
But, since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins reviv'd again ,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold
Under the pow'r of sin ;
I cannot do the good I would,
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 106 L. M. (HYMN 116. B. 1.)

Love to God and our neighbour.

Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- 1 **THUS** saith the first, the great command,
 "Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God,
 With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 Share thine affection and esteem ;
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove,
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.
- 4 But oh ! how base our passions are !
 How could our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 107. C. M. (HYMN 123. B. 1.)

The repenting prodigal.

Luke xv. 13. &c.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the wretch, whose lusts and wine
 Has wasted his estate ;
 He begs a share amongst the swine,
 To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries ;
 "I starve in foreign lands ;
 My Father's house has large supplies,
 And bounteous are his hands.

- 3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face ;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his Father's love ;
The Father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake,
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
(The Father gives command)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 A day of feasting I ordain ;
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 108. C. M. (HYMN 125. Book 1.)

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

Heb. iv. 15, 16, & v. 7. Matt xii. 20.

- 1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame :
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN 109. L. M. (HYMN 128. B. 1.)

*The apostles' commission ; or, the gospel attested
 by miracles. Mark xvi. 15, &c.*

Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 "GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord ;
 " Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
 He shall be sav'd that trusts my word ;
 He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 [I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name ;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

- 4 Teach all the nations my commands !
 I'm with you till the world shall end ;
 All pow'r is trusted in my hands ;
 I can destroy, and I defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode :
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 110. L. M. (HYMN 129. B. 1.)

Submission and deliverance ; or, Abraham offering his son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

- 1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
 Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
 He shall restore what you resign,
 Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abrah'm with obedient hand
 Led forth his Son at God's command ;
 The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
 His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 Abrah'm forbear, the angel cry'd,
 Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
 Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
 The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;
 The mount of danger is the place,
 Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 111. L. M. (HYMN 131. B. 1.)

The Pharisee and Publican.

Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
 The Publican and Pharisee ;

One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands,
That boldly rises near the throne
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father. let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

HYMN 112. L. M. (HYMN 132. B. 1.)
Holiness and grace. Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy. lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 113. L. M. (HYMN 134. B. 1.)

Religion vain without love. I. Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent. I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain !
Nor tongues, nor gifts nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 114. L. M. (HYMN 135. B. 1.)

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church through Christ his Son.

HYMN 115. C. M. (HYMN 140. B. 1.)

A living and a dead faith, collected from several scriptures.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heav'n
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love ;
That bids all sin ul joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,

Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

- 7 His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God :
Jesus, and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 116. S. M. (HYMN 142. B 1.)

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.

Isa. liii. 6—9—12.

- 1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His life and blood the shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away ;
Join'd with the wicked in his death
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men ;
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

- 6 "I'll give him, saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honours long.

HYMN 117. C. M. (HYMN 144. B. 1.)

The witnessing and sealing spirit. Rom. viii.
14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 118 C. M. (HYMN 145. B. 1.)

Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. & ix.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings bro't,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt ;
But thy one off'ring takes away
Forever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran thro' several hands
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory reigns,
On Sion's heav'nly hill ;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face ;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 119. L. M. (HYMN 146. B. 1.)

Character of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.

- 1 [GO worship at Immanuel's feet.
See in his face what wonders meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.]
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed ;
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree ? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves :
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose ? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields ;
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine ? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit ;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living vine !]
- 7 [Is he the head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;

- The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by the Spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain ? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death ;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire ? He'll purge my dross ;
But the true gold sustains no loss ;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a rock ? How firm he proves !
The Rock of ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 11 [Is he a way ? He leads to God ;
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]
- 12 [Is he a door ? I'll enter in :
Behold the pastures large and green ;
A paradise, divinely fair ;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he design'd a corner stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple ? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r ;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray I'll turn my face.]

- 15 [Is he a star ? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light ;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun ? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness ;
Nations rejoice when he appears,
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]
- 17 [O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 120. L. M. (HYMN 147. B. 1.)

The names and titles of Christ ; from several scriptures.

- 1 ['TIS from the treasure of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord ;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays ;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh :

- He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love ;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes !
" Light of the world and life of men ;"
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part ;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 121. L. M. (HYMN 149. B. 1.)

The offices of Christ ; from several scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
That ever men or angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But oh ! what condescending ways
He takes to each his heav'nly grace !
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.

- 3 [The "Angel of the cov'nant" stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet ! let me bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd and peace with heav'n.]
- 5 [My bright Example, and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side ;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !
- 6 I love my Shepherd ; he shall keep
My wond'ring soul amongst his sheep :
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]
- 7 [My surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
I seek no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now he pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by ;
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conq'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword, I sing ;

Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

- 11 [Aspire my soul' to glorious deeds,
The "Captain of salvation" leads ;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 [Should death, and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

HYMN 123. L. M. (HYMN 1. B. 2.)

A song of praise to God.

- 1 NATURE, with all her pow'r. shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King ;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honours and our joys.
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave :
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.
- 5 [These western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand !

Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]

- 6 [Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.]
- 7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name ;
While trembling nations read from far
The honours of the God of war.]
- 8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs ;
Let there be sung with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 9 Yet, mighty God our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 124. C. M. (HYMN 2. B. 2.)

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead ;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
'Till like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- S

- 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains ;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath
Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love !

HYMN 125. C. M. (HYMN 3. B. 2.)

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay

And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all the saints be bless'd,
And soften'd every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 'Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

HYMN 126. L. M. (HYMN 4. B. 2.)

Salvation in the Cross.

- 1 HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?

Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dare my soul invade.

- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

HYMN 127. C. M. (HYMN 6. B. 2.)

A Morning Song.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes :
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand :
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun.
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light ;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 128. C. M. (HYMN 7. B. 2.)

An Evening Song.

- 1 Dread Sov'reign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise :
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue,
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day-
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Incompass me around ;
 But O how few returns of love,
 Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul ?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as the minutes roll ?
- 5 Lord. with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood
 I lay me down to rest,

As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 129. C. M. (HYMN 8. B. 2.)

A Hymn for morning or Evening.

- 1 Hosanna. with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
That raised us with a word,
And every day and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day !
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law ;
We own thy grace immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 130. C. M. (HYMN 10. B. 2.)

Parting with Carnal Joys.

- 1 My soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell ;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more ;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire ;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own Allsufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road ;
There sits my Saviour drest in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 131. C. M. (HYMN 12. B. 2.)

*CHRIST is the substance of the Levitical Priest-
hood.*

- 1 The true Messiah now appears,

The types are all withdrawn ;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

2 No smocking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid nor bullock slain :
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.

3 *Aaron* must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God himself comes down to be
 The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
 The wonders of his love ;
 For us he paid his life below
 And prays for us above.

5 Father, he crys, forgive their sins,
 For I myself have dy'd ;
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 132. L. M. (HYMN 13. B. 1.)

*The Creation, Preservation Dissolution, and
 Restoration of this World.*

1 Sing to the Lord that built the skies,
 The Lord that rear'd this stately frame ;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
 Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust,

Nature and time with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne,
He look far down upon the spheres,
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
'Till all his saints are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again !

5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you,

HYMN 133. S. M. (HYMN 14. B. 2.)

The Lord's Day ; Or Delight in Ordinances

1 Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 134. L. M. (HYMN 15. B. 2.)

*The Enjoyment of CHRIST; Or delight in Wor
ship.*

- 1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In beauteous rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great Immanuel all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;

'Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN 135. L. M. (HYMN 16. B. 2.)

Part the Second.

- 1 Lord what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame !
Lord, how we love thy charming name.
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good and great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away,
A long an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light ;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss
And pluck new life from heavenly trees !
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land ;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.]

HYMN 136. C. M. (HYMN 17. Book 2.)
God's Eternity.

- 1 RISE my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
Jehovah liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too, '
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures, look ! how old they grow
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN 137. L. M. (HYMN 18. B. 2.)
The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,

And troops of angels stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go
Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs down below,
Sing and proclaim the Saviour's come."

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies.
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy wing'd troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 138. C. M. (HYMN 19. B. 2.)

Our Frail Bodies, and God our Preserver

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions rose ;
Let blood, said he, flow round the veins !
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath to use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 139. C. M. (HYMN 20. B. 2.)

*Backslidings and Returns : Or the Inconstancy
of our Love.*

- 1 Why is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee no more by night ?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee.]
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The favor of thy grace,

My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so ;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go ?

7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief ?
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief :

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

10 [Make haste my days to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 140 S. M. (HYMN 21 B. 2.)

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

- 1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove ;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell ;
How the black gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain !
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honors giv'n ;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n

HYMN 141. S. M. (HYMN 22. B. 2.)

With God there is terrible Majesty.

- 1 TERRIBLE God that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand ;
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce thy fly,
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown :
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,

And roars beneath the eternal load ;
 With endless burnings who can dwell,
 Or bear the fury of a God ?

4 Tremble ye sinners and submit,
 Throw down your arms before his throne,
 Bend your heads low beneath his feet
 Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye bless'd saints that love him too,
 With rev'rence bow before his name ;
 Thus all the heavenly servants do ;
 God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 142. L. M. (HYMN 23. B. 2.)

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things ;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasant sight
 Of our Almighty Father's throne !
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.

- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heav'nly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
 And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

HYMN 143. C. M. (HYMN 28. B. 2.)

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **STOOP** down my tho'ts that us'd to rise,
 Converse a while with death :
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
 His pulse is faint and few,
 Then speechless with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But O, the soul that never dies !
 At once it leaves the clay !
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphant there,
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 Oh, let some guardian angel nigh
 To bear it safe above.

- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

HYMN 144. C. M. (HYMN 29. B. 2.)

Redemption by Price and Power.

- 1 JESUS with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part,
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 145. S. M. (HYMN 30. B. 2.)

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place !

Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

- 3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
'That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.
- 5 This awful God is our's,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joy create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,

Or walk the golden streets.

- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 146. L. M. (HYMN 31. B. 2.)

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 WHY should we start and fear to die ?
What tin'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 147. C. M. (HYMN 32. B. 1.)

Frailty and Folly.

- 1 HOW short and hasty is our life ;
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or song
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home !
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above !
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love ?
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 148. C. M. (HYMN 34. B. 2.)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit ; or, Fervency
of Devotion desired.*

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,

Hosannas' languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviours love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 149. C. M. (HYMN 35. B. 2.)

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory Lord,
Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts Oh God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to the united three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he, (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN 150. C. M. (HYMN 37. B. 2.)

- 1 Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat
Where your Redeemer stays :
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God
- 3 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring,
The priest with his own sacrifice
Presents them to the King
- 4 [Let Papists trust what names they please,
Their saints and angels boast ;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to the heav'nly host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne ;
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest ;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.]

HYMN 151. C. M. (HYMN 38. B. 2.)

Love to God.

- 1 Happy the heart where graces reign
Where love inspires the breast :

- Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift of obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 152. C. M. (HYMN 42. B. 2.)
Delight in God.

- 1 My G^d, what endless pleasures dwell
Above at thy right hand !
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand !
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
We shout with joyful tongues :

Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint and tire and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.

6 Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love.

HYMN 153. L. M. (HYMN 43 B. 2.)

Christ's Suff'rings and Glory.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he has done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above ;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 (Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' atone almighty wrath ;
Jesus the God was born to die.)

- 4 (Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.)
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay:
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 7 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

HYMN 154. L. M. (HYMN 44. B. 2.)

Hell: or the vengeance of God.

- WITH holy fear and humble song,
1 The dreadful God our souls adore,
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 (Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fi'ry coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in blood of damned souls.

- 4 There Satan the first sinner lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.)
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath the rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 155. L. M. (HYMN 45. B. 2.)

God's Condescension to our Worship.

- 1 THY favours, Lord, surprize our souls;
Will the eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs,
But heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine:
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 156. L. M. (HYMN 47. B. 2.)

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!

Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face
 The brightest image of his grace ;
 God, in the person of his Son
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God,
 And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star :
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands :
 The noblest labor of thine hands :
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the lustre of the skies..
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet a charming theme ;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
 Ye angels dwell upon the sound ;
 Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground !
- 6 Oh may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face !
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 157. C. M. (HYMN 48. B. 2.)

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure bath its poison too ;
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flat'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense ?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 158. C. M. (HYMN 49. B. 2.)

Moses dying in the embrace of God.

- 1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with'us there ;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but clime to *Pisgah's* top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

- 4 Clapsed in my heav'nly Father's arms,
 I would forget my breath,
 And lose my life among the charms
 Of so divine a death.

HYMN 159. L M. (HYMN 51. B. 2.)

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 BRIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God !
 Our spirits bow before thy seat :
 To thee we lift a humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy power hath form'd thy wisdom sways
 All nature with a sovereign word ;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
 And, smiling, sit at thy right hand :
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,
 And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs. strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity ;
 But who amongst the sons of light,
 Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
 Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
 Thinks it no robbery to claim
 A full equality with God.
- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams :
 Their essence is forever one,
 Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
 THE FATHER GOD, and GOD THE SON.]

- 7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honours be ador'd :
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.]

HYMN 160. C. M. (HYMN 54. B. 2)

God's presence is light in darkness.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word ;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord !
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN 161. C. M. (HYMN 55. B. 2.)

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee

How feeble is our mortal frame ;
What dying worms are we !

2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're triv'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble string !

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

7 Waken, O Lord, our dormant sense
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 162. L. M. (HYMN 57 B. 2.)

The pleasures of a good conscience.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin

Should storms of wra'h shake earth & sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away!
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys;
But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heaven prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 162 C. M. (HYMN 58. B. 2.)

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis,
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

2 [The present moments just appear
Then slide away in haste;

That we can never say--they're here:
But only say--they're past.

- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die,]
- 4 Yet, mighty God our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 164. C. M. (HYMN 61. B. 2.)

A thought of death and glory.

- 1 MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb

This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.]

3 Oh ! could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead :
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.

4 Then we should see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms,

5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
 These fetters and this load,
 And long for evening to undress,
 That we may rest with God.]

6 We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

HYMN 165. C. M. (HYMN 62. B. 2.)

God the thunderer ; or, the last judgment & hell.

5 : ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore ;
 Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,
 Stand trembling at his power.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne :
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams--
 And from his awful tongue

A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder rolls along !

- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?
He once defy'd the Lord :
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 166. C. M (HYMN 63. E. 2.)

A funeral thought.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs, a doleful sound !
Mine ears, attend the cry--
" Ye living men, come, view the ground
" Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 " Princes, this clay must be your bed,
" In spite of all your towers :
" The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
" Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more ?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 167. C. M. (HYMN 66. B 2.)

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from our's.
- 3 [Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 'But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the *Canaan*, that we love,
With unclouded eyes :
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 168. C. M. (HYMN 67. B. 2.)

God's eternal dominion.

- 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 169. L. M. (HYMN. 70. B. 2.)

God's dominion over the sea. Ps. cv. i. 23, &c.

- 1 GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!

And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them, silent, in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God ;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly shoals, amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay ;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 [The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep ;
By thy permission, sports and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears ;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glorious power ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord !
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.

7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee !
While on the flood they safely
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves :
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]

- 9 Oh, for some signal of thy hand!
 Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land!
 Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
 That there's a God who rule the sky.

HYMN 170. C. M. (HYMN 72. B. 2.)

The Lord's day; or, the resurrection of Christ.

- 1 Blest morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God;
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode!

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dear Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay;
 And loud hosannas shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King:
 Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas
 With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN 171. S. M. (HYMN 74. B. 2.)

*Repentance from a sense of divine goodness; or,
 a complaint of ingratitude.*

- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove ;
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus ! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.]

HYMN 173. C. M. (HYMN 76. B. 2.)

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the King of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes

- 3 See, how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 174. S. M. (HYMN 80. B. 2.)

God's awful power and goodness.

- 1 OH ! the Almighty Lord !
How matchless is his power !
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne !
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And, with amazing blows,
He deals in-sufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.

- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise :
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 6 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well ;
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Ba ylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
Who sits entron'd above :
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 175. C. M. (HYMN 81. B. 2.)
Our sin the cause of Christ's death.

- 1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see :
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done !
What murd'rous things they be !
- 2 Were these the traitors dearest Lord,
'That thy fair body tore ?
Monsters that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore !
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain ;
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain ?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace !
I'll wound my God no more ;
Hence fr m my heart, ye sins be gone,
For Jesus I adore.

- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
 From grace's magazine.
 And I'll proclaim eternal war
 With every darling sin.

HYMN 176. C. M. (HYMN 83. B. 2.)

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 THUS saith the Ruler of the skies—
 "Awake, my dreadful sword :
 "Awake my wrath, and smite the man,
 "My fellow " saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
 And, armed, down she flies :
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
 And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But, oh ! the wisdom and the grace,
 That join with vengeance now !
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,
 Who yielded to be slain.
 That he could give his soul away,
 And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high ;
 Let every nation sing,
 And angels sound, with endless joy,
 The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 177. S. M. (HYMN 84. B. 2.)

The same.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring :

'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.

3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side!
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.

4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head,
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,

And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN 178. C. M. (HYMN 87. B. 2.)

The divine glories above our comprehension.

- 1 HOW wondrous great how glorious bright
Must our Creator be !
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity !
- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne :
Fain would we see the blessed THREE,
And the Almighty ONE.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies ;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies ;
- 4 [Lord here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore :
For the weak pinions of our mind
Can stretch a thought no more.]
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue ;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.

HYMN 179 C. M. (HYMN 88. B. 2.)
Salvation.

1 SALVATION ! oh. the joyful sound !

'Tis pleasure to our ears :

A sovereign balm for every wound,

A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,

At hell's dark door we lay :

But we arise by grace divine

To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around,

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 180. C. M. (HYMN 89. B. 2.)

Christ's victory over Satan.

1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !

The prince of darkness flies ;

His troops rush headlong down to hell,

Like lighting from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,

And fright the rescu'd sheep :

But heavy bars confine their power

And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King !

All hail, incarnate love !

Ten thousand songs and glories wait

To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame,

'Through the wide world shall run ;

And everlasting ages sing
The triumph thou hast won.

HYMN 180. C. M. (HYMN 91. B. 2.)

The glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 OH, the delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place.
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace !
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow ;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperiel name
Bend their bright sceptres down ;
Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street :
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around !

- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore ;
 But, when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord ! how our souls are all on fire
 To see thy blest abode .
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
 To our incarnate God !
- 9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
 We long to leave our clay ;
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
 To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 182. C. M. (HYMN 92. B. 2.)

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
 Through the whole nation run :
 Ye western skies, resound the noise
 Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire ;
 Thee, our glad voices sing ;
 And join with the celestial choir,
 To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
 And, on the starry skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak designs
 Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn decides their feeble rage,
 And when an awful frown,

Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice ;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd ;
Their treasons all betray'd ;
Praise to the Lord, who broke the snare,
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try ;
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power :
And let us with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 183. C. M. (HYMN 95. B. 2.)

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

1 INFINITE grief ! amazing wo !
Behold my bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.

2 Oh ! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore !

- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,
 In vain do I accuse ;
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were ;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head :
 Break, break, my heart — oh, burst mine
 And let my sorrows bleed. [eyes,
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissembled woe !

HYMN 184. C. M. (HYMN 96. B. 2.)

*Distinguishing love ; or, angels punished and
 man saved.*

- 1 DOWN headlong from the native skies
 The rebel-angels fell,
 And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
 Pursued them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,
 Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
 To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh, love of infinite degree !
 Unmeasurable grace !

Must Heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race ?

4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher ?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing !

HYMN 185. C. M. (HYMN 101. B. 2)
The world's three chief temptations.

1 WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dang'rous too !

2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flat'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion and my cho ce ;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my powers rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts mine ear,
 And tempts my heart anew ;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 186. L. M. (HYMN 102. B. 2.)

A happy resurrection.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful gasp, resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust,
 My God shall raise my frame anew,
 At the revival of the just,
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
 Bring that delightful, dreadful day ;
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come!
 Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
 The light of thy returning face ;
 And hear the language of those lips
 Where God has shed his richest grace.
- 5 Haste, then upon the wings of love,
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay ;
 That we may join in heavenly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN 187. C. M. (HYMN 103. B. 2.)

Christ's commission.

- 4 COME, happy souls approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pity'd dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging rod;
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry:
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
 And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest, Lord, our willing souls
 Accept thine offer'd grace;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

HYMN 188. S. M. (HYMN 104. B. 2.)

The same.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune:

Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay our humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 189 C. M. (HYMN 185. R. 2)

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 AND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames ;
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, *Forbear !*
And straight the thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sins ;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts. shall ye command ;
No more will we obey ;
Stretch out, O God. thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 190. C. M (HYMNS 107. B. 2.)

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, Depart !
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,

'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 [What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die !
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly !

5 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !

6 Jesus I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands :
Shew me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 191. C. M. (HYMN 108. B. 2.)

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
That calm'd his frowning face ;
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd his wrath to grace !
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 192. S. M. (HYMN 110. B. 2.)

Triumph over Death. in the Hour of Resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,

'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious raiment,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To *Jesus*' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 193. C. M. (HYMN 115. B. 2.)

God the Avenger of his Saints : Or, His Kingdom Supreme.

1 HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God ;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.

2 Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men
4. Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear ;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 194. L. M. (HYMN 117. B. 2)
Living and Dying, with God present.

- 1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart ;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile ;
Yet I will stay my father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 195. C. M. (HYMN 119. B. 2.)
The Holy Scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,

And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my father's grace
Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road,
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 196 S. M. (HYMN 120. B. 2.)

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn *Christ* crucify'd,
And here behold his blood?
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 197. L. M. (HYMN 121. B. 2.)

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 THE law commands and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul. no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 198. L. M. (HYMN 122. B. 2.)

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 MY God permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;

In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 199. C. M. (HYMN 128. B. 2.)

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam our father stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good;
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts

HYMN 200. L. M. (HYMN 129. B. 2.)

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home.
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow.
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abrah'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 201. L. M. (HYMN 10. B. 3.)

*Christ Crucified: The Wisdom and Power of
God.*

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God:
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;

Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life, my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

BOOK III.

Containing a Selection of Favourite Pieces.

HYMN 1. L. M.

- 1 MAN, in his first creation in Eden God did
place,
The public head and father of all the human
race ;
'Twas by the subtle serpent he was beguil'd
and fell,
And by his disobedience was doom'd to death
and hell.
- 2 Death was pronounced against him, death
was the penalty,
The law of God was broken, and must fulfilled
be ;
But man that helpless creature, unable to per-
form,
The smallest jot or tittle to build his hopes
upon.
- 3 When in this situation a promise it was
made,
'The offspring of the woman should bruise the
serpent's head ;
And destroy the powers of darkness that man
should only feel,
The malice of the serpent a raging at his
heel.

- 4 The scriptures they were given in spirit and
in truth,
In darksome types and shadows the Saviour
was set forth ;
The sacrifice and offering beyond the altar
slain
No blood of goats or heifers could take away
the stain.
- 5 Now, at the time appointed Jesus unveiled
his face,
Assumed our human nature and suffered in
our place ;
He suffered on mount calvary he ransomed
all for me
The law demands attention to pay the penalty.
- 6 With rugged thorns they pierced him and
nailed him to the tree,
All nature seemed to mourn to behold their
cruelty ;
But justice cried against him, come pay the
sinners due,
The work you've undertaken, you surely
must go through.
- 7 They laid him in the sepulchre it being near
at hand,
The grave it could not hold him nor death's
cold iron bands ;
He burst the bars asunder he pull'd their
kingdoms down.
He's overcome our enemies and wears a star-
ry crown.

- 8 Now at his resurrection to Mary he appeared.
 Saying go tell to my disciples what you have
 seen and heard ;
 Go tell them I am risen, my suffering time is
 o'er,
 I'm going to my Father to reign forevermore.
- 9 He came to his disciples he found them all
 alone,
 He gave them their commission to make his
 gospel known ;
 Saying go preach it to all nations baptize
 them in my name,
 Begining at Jerusalem—for there I suffer'd
 shame.
- 10 Go preach it to all nations that they may
 hear and know,
 Go publish free salvation that men to heaven
 may go ;
 In every sore temptation I'll a speedy succor
 send,
 And so I will be with you until the world
 shall end.

HYMN 2. L. M.

- 1 Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord !
 'Tis thy Saviour hear his word ;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 " Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
 " And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
 " Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 " Turn'd thy darkness into light.

- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 "Cease to ward the child she bare;
 "Yes, she may forgetful be,
 "Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 "Higher than the heights above;
 "Deeper than the depths beneath,
 "Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon;
 "When the work of grace is done,
 "Partner of my throne shalt be,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
 'That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 O for grace to love thee more.

HYMN 3. P. M.

- 1 **THROUGH** tribulation's deep
 The way to glory is,
 This stormy course I keep
 On these tempestuous seas,
 By waves and winds I'm tost and driven,
 Freighted with grace and bound to heav'n.
- 2 Sometimes temptations blow
 A dreadful hurricane,
 And high the waters flow,
 And o'er the sides break in;
 But still my little ship outbraves
 'The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

- 3 When I in my distress,
My anchor hope can cast,
Within the promises,
It holds my vessel fast ;
Safely she then at anchor rides,
'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.
- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
And heav'n no breezes give,
The oar of prayer I use,
I tug and toil and strive ;
Through storms and calms for many a day,
make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heav'nly breeze
Springs up and fills my sail,
My vessel goes with ease
Before the pleasant gale,
And runs as much an hour or more,
As in a month or two before.
- 6 Hid by the clouds from sight,
The sun doth not appear,
Nor can I in the night
Behold the moon or star ;
Sometimes for days and weeks or more,
I cannot see the sky or shore.
- 7 As at the time of noon
My quadrant faith, I take,
To view my Christ, my sun ;
If he the clouds should break,
I'm happy when his face I see,
I know then wherabout I be.

- 8 The Bible is my chart,
 By it the seas I know ;
 I cannot with it part,
 It rocks and sands doth show,
It is a chart and compass too,
Whose needle points forever true.
- 9 I keep aloof from pride,
 Those rocks I pass with care ;
 I studiously avoid
 The whirlpool of despair.
Presumption's quicksands too I shun,
Near them I do not choose to run.
- 10 When through a strait I go,
 Or near some coast am drove,
 The plummet forth I throw,
 And thus my safety prove.
The Scripture is the line which I
Fathom the depth of water by.
- 11 My vessel would be lost
 In spite of all my care,
 But that the Holy Ghost
 Himself vouchsafes to steer.
And I through all my voyage will
Depend upon my steersman's skill.
- 12 Ere I can reach heaven's coast,
 I must a gulf pass through,
 Which dreadful proves to most ;
 For all this passage go.
But all death's waves can't me o'erwhelm,
If God himself is at my throne.

- 13 When through this gulf I get,
 Though rough, it is but short,
 The pilot angels meet,
 To bring me into port.
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe forevermore.

HYMN 4. P. M.

- 1 WHEN thou my righteous Judge shall come
 To call thy ransom'd people home;
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious throne to bow,
 Though weakest of them all.
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 To have my worthless name left out,
 When thou for them shall call?
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace!
 Be thou dear Lord my hiding place,
 In that expected day;
 Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear,
 To still each unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound
 To see thy smiling face;
 Then loud through all the crowd I'll sing
 While heaven's resounding man-sions ring
 With shouts of boundless grace.

HYMN 5. L. M.

- 1 LIFT up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends ;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.
- 2 Our conflicts here, tho' great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory ;
If we but watch and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O good old way how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Tho' Satan may his powers employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout and pray
And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for heav'n contend,
Remember, glory's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore
We'll meet with those who've gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

HYMN 6. P. M.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes my ear,
'Tis Gabriel's trump methinks I hear,
Th' expected day is come,
Behold the heavens, the earth and sea,
Proclaim the year of Jubilee,
Return, ye exiles, home.
- 2 Behold the new Jerusalem,
Illuminated by the Lamb,
In glory doth appear
Fair Zion rising from the tomb,
To meet her conq'ring king is come,
And hails the Jubilee year.
- 3 The last loud trumpet soon shall sound,
And sleeping millions from the ground,
Shall mount the flaming skies.
The sun in darkness now is veil'd,
And all the pow'rs of hell assail'd,
Shall sink no more to rise.
- 4 Depart, ye cursed, down to hell,
With devils there forever dwell,
No more to see my face.
My precious gospel you've abus'd,
And all my calls of love refus'd,
And spurn'd my offer'd grace.
- 5 See parents and their children part,
Some shout for joy, some bleed at heart,
No more to meet again.
In fiery chariots Zion lies,
And quickly gains the upper skies,
Fair Canaan's peaceful plains.

- 6 My soul is striving to be there,
I long to rise and wing the air,
And join the host above.
Soon I shall quit this house of clay,
Clap my glad wings and soar away,
And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 7. L. M.

- 1 Awake my soul to joyful lays
And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me
His loving kindness, O how free.
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong.
- 4 When trouble like a gloomy cloud
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good.
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart,
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail,

O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 O may I rise and soar away
To the bright worlds of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving kindness in the skies.

HYMN 8. L. M.

The Gospel Market.

- 1 WHY stand you here idle my friends all the day,
Your moments are fleeting, they'll soon pass away;
Here are all things provided for sinners undone
And you're all invited and welcome to come.
- 2 Here's mercy and pardon, here's love and free grace,
Here's strong consolation, here's great joy and peace;
Here's hope for the hopeless the weary find rest.
O! come receive freely and be ever bless'd.
- 3 Here are clothes for the naked, here all may be clad,
Here's food for the hungry, your souls may be fed,
Here's manna from heav'n, this food is divine,
Fat things full of marrow and wine well refin'd.

- 4 Here's oil, milk and honey a plenty in store,
Sufficient for hundreds, yea, millions and
more ;
Here's balm for the wounded, here's strength
for the weak,
Here are cordials divine provided for the
sick.
- 5 Here's medicine for healing all given out
free,
Here's eye-salve for eyes to make them to
see,
The maim'd are heal'd, the lame made to
walk,
The deaf made to hear, and the dumb made
to talk.
- 6 Here the lepers are cleans'd and purg'd from
their sores
Here sinners are pardoned, and souls are
made pure,
Here all that are willing, are eas'd from their
pains,
Here bond slaves are ransom'd and free'd
from their pains.
- 7 Here's armour and weapons for soldiers to
wield,
A breast-plate, a helmet, a sword and a
shield ;
Here the poor receive riches, a crown for the
head.
Eternal salvation, and life from the dead.

8 O! come all ye needy. ye poor and distress'd,
Come and receive freely and be ever bless'd;
O! come! without money, to Jesus, and buy,
Then love him and praise him for ever on
high.

HYMN 9. L. M.

1 WHY should we be affrighted, at pestilence
or war?

The fiercer be the tempest the sooner it is
o'er;

With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in
vain,

They only will convey me to yon Elysian
plain,

With glory in my soul.

2 This is the land of danger, and foes do press
me hard,

But Jesus Christ has promis'd, that he will
be my guard;

There I shall not be tempted, above what I
can bear,

When fighting's done, exalted, his kingdom
I share,

With glory in my soul.

3 Though sinners they despise me, and laugh
at what I say,

I find a little number, walks with me in the
way,

Come on my loving brethren, they laughed
at Jesus too,

The land appears before us, and heav'n in
our view,

With glory in my soul.

4 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my
hope,

I'll try, like holy Moses, to gain the moun-
tain top ;

There at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerful-
ness I'll die,

And then ascend to heav'n, and reign above
the sky.

With glory in my soul.

5 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why do I not
know,

To him I'm so unfaithful, in what I have to
do ;

I grieve to see my failings, but he does all
forgive,

Which makes me love him more, and try by
faith to live,

With glory in my soul.

6 From him I have my orders, and which I do
obey.

I find his Holy Spirit, illuminates the way ;

And it is so delightful, I mean to travel on,

'Till I am called away, to receive a starry
crown,

With glory in my soul.

7 We soon shall reach fair Canaan, and on that
happy shore

Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout for-
evermore ;

There walk the golden pavements, and blood-
wash'd garments wear,

And to increase our pleasures, our Jesus will
be there,

With glory in my soul.

8 Our song will ne'er be ended while we are on
that shore,

For we shall have the Spirit, to praise him
evermore ;

I long to have the time come, when immortal
I shall be,

To shout and praise my Saviour, in vast
eternity,

With glory in my soul.

HYMN 10. L. M.

1 LET others their salvation rest
On outward forms, or distant heav'n,
I want God's kingdom in my breast,
And there to feel my sins forgiv'n.

2 Some make their boast of cancel'd sin,
Before the worlds, or they were made,
While still they have a hell within,
Imagine God their heav'n decreed.

3 While others think some law fulfill'd
By Jesus when he bled and died,
Who never knew salvation seal'd,
His life or death to them appli'd.

4 While others do their souls destroy,
Who wait for death to find a heav'n ;
Yet strangers to the heav'nly joy,
Or the new birth, and sins forgiv'n.

- 5 But I can trust in no decree,
Or law fulfilled by Jesus Christ,
But that which works a birth in me,
And brings me to the gospel feast.
- 6 I am by nature dead in sin,
My soul bound down with heavy chains,
Then I must have my Christ within,
Or else in death my soul remains.
- 7 I have a hell within my breast,
For there is all my weight of sin;
Then Christ can give my soul no rest,
Unless he gives a heav'n within.
- 8 My Christ forbids "lo here and there,
The secret chamber or desert,"
And then he doth to me declare
God's kingdom is within the heart.
- 9 Then in my heart, O Jesus, reign,
With thy blest kingdom all divine;
Remove my death, break ev'ry chain,
And change my nature pure as thine.
- 10 Then shall I be forever blest,
From all my sins and sorrows free,
A peaceful kingdom in my breast,
And I forever one with thee.

HYMN 11. C. M.

- 1 SWEET are the gifts which gracious heav'
On true believers pour;
But the best gifts are grace to know
That Jesus Christ is ours.

- 2 Dear Jesus! what rich drops of grace
Descend in copious showers,
When ruin'd sinners such as we,
By faith can call him ours.
- 3 Differ we may, in age and state,
Learning and mental powers;
Yet all the saints may join to sing,
Dear Jesus, thou art ours.
- 4 Let those who know their Saviour not,
Delight in earth's gay flowers;
We glory in our better lot,
That Jesus Christ is ours.
- 5 When hope, with elevated flight,
Toward heav'n in rapture towers,
'Tis this supports our vent'rous wing,
We know that Christ is ours.
- 6 When providence, with dark'ning sky,
On things terrestrial towers,
We rise superior to the gloom,
While singing Christ is ours.
- 7 Time, which this world, with all its joys,
With eager haste devours,
May take inferior things away,
But Jesus still is ours.
- 8 Haste then, dull time, and terminate
Thy slow revolving hours,
We wish, we pray, we long, we pant,
In heav'n to call him ours.

HYMN 12. P. M.

- 1 **DARK** and thorny is the desert,
 Thro' which pilgrims make their way,
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
 Lie the fields of endless day ;
Fiends loud howling through the desert
 Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
 Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
 Of the roughness of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
 And your vigor to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus will go with you ;
 He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dy'd his garments for you,
 And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll ;
He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole ;
Round him are ten thousand angels
 Ready to obey command ;
They are always hov'ring round you,
 Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There on flowery hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest ;
Love and joy, and peace forever,
 Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high,
There on golden harps, forever
 Sound redemption through the sky.

- 5 There's a million flaming seraphs
 Who fly across the heav'nly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises ;
 Glory, glory is their strain.
But methinks, a sweeter concert,
 Makes the heav'nly arches ring ;
And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
 Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures ;
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
 Shall no more distress you there.

HYMN 13. C. M.

- 1 Arise and shine, O Zion fair,
 Behold, thy light is come,
Thy glorious conq'ring King is near,
 To take his exiles home ;
The trumpet's thund'ring thro' the sky
 To set poor sinners free ;
The day of wonders now is nigh,
 The year of Jubilee
- 2 Ye heralds, blow your trumpets loud,
 'Throughout the earth and sky ;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
 Behold the judgment's nigh ;
Blow out the sun, burn up the earth,
 Consume the rolling flood ;
Whilst every star shall disappear,

The moon turn into blood.

- 3 Arise, ye nations under ground,
Before the Judge appear ;
All tongues, all languages shall come,
Their final doom to hear ;
King Jesus on his azure throne,
Ten thousand angels round ;
While Gabriel with her silver trump,
Echoes the dreadful sound.

- 4 The glorious news of gospel grace,
With sinners now is o'er,
The trump in Zion now is still,
And to be blown no more ;
The watchmen all have left their walls
And with their flocks above ;
On Canaan's happy shore they sing,
And shout redeeming love.

- 5 Come, all ye pilgrims of the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one :
Hold up your hands with courage bold,
Your race is almost run ;
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling, bid you come ;
Whilst angels beckon you away,
To your eternal home.

- 6 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view ;
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu ;
While friends stand weeping all around,
And loath to let him go,

He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

7 O Christians ! are you ready now,
To cross the narrow flood ?
On Canaan's happy shore behold,
And see a smiling God ?
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attract my soul above ;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

8 Go on, my brethren, in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there ;
Although you've to travel th' enchanted
Hold out and do not fear. [ground,
Fight on, fight on, ye conqu'ring souls,
The land keep still in view ;
And when you reach fair Canaan's shore,
I hope to meet with you.

HYMN 14. L. M.

1 COME, brethren, and rejoice with me,
For Jesus Christ hath set me free,
From that which did defile my heart,
And made me from my God depart.
When I by faith receiv'd him,
He fill'd my soul up to the brim
With streams of grace and love divine,
Which proves the promises are mine ;
How good it is, how sweet to me,
O that mankind would all be free.

2 I was much plagu'd with outward sin,
But most with that which dwelt within,

Which always barr'd my Saviour out,
And kept me in distressing doubt ;
But all my doubts are driv'n away,
By brilliancy of gospel day,
Which shines so clear, I must believe
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heav'n below,
I've not a doubt, I feel it so.

3 If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now, and wish to be
While I do in the flesh remain,
'Till I return to God again ;
For I do feel his love most sweet,
When Mary like, I at his feet,
Do claim my portion of his love,
Which lifts my heart to things above ;
He gives me to a heav'nly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

4 How grateful then, ought I to prove,
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me
And stamps his image on my soul, [whole
A debtor great, I surely be,
To him whose power has saved me ;
A heav'n of love he hath bestow'd,
Which stays my mind on him, my God ;
And what does much increase the score,
When I thank him, he gives me more.

5 A happy soul indeed am I,
My mind is fix'd above the sky
On things divine, at God's right hand,

Where I shall see that friend of man,
Who pleads my cause in courts above,
And gives to me his heav'nly love,
To fit me for that blessed place,
Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace ;
What holy joy, what heav'nly bliss,
To dwell where Christ my Saviour is !

6 Come, brethren dear, whose joys abound,
By hearing precious gospel sound,
Cheer up your hearts and strong believe
In Jesus Christ, who ever lives ;
For though your race is not quite run,
You feel that heav'n is now begun ;
Then let us raise a holy song,
And praise him as we pass along,
To joys above where we shall be,
Happy in vast eternity.

7 We're happy now in clogs of clay,
But what is that to open day,
Of glory beaming all around,
Where sin and grief can ne'er be found,
How happy we shall be that day,
To think that we did watch and pray,
And keep our garments clean and white,
Fit to appear with saints in light ;
Quite free, O then, our joys will be,
And so remain eternally.

HYMN 15. P. M.

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear,
Foes we have, but we've a friend,

One that loves us to the end ;
Forward then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares
Lay to take us unawares ;
Satan with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart ;
But from Satan's malice free ;
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so apt to turn our feet ;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes we have within ;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
Child, your Father calls—Come home.

HYMN 16. L. M.

1 WE'VE found the rock, the travellers cried,
The stone that all the prophets tried ;
Come, children, drink the balmy dew,
'Twas Christ who shed his blood for you.

2 This costly mixture cures the soul,
Which sin and guilt had made so foul ;
O that you would believe in God,
And wash in Christ's most precious blood.

- 3 O hearken children ! Christ is come,
The bride is ready, let us run ;
I'm glad I ever saw this day,
That we might meet to praise and pray.
- 4 There's glory, glory in my soul,
Come, mourners, feel the current roll ;
Welcome, dear friend, 'tis known to-night,
It shines around with dazzling light.
- 5 And in this light we'll soar away,
Where there's no night but open day ;
O children, children, bear the cross,
And count the world below as dross.
- 6 We'll bear the cross and wear the crown,
And by our Father's side sit down ;
His grace will feed our hungry souls,
While love divine eternal rolls.
- 7 His fiery chariots make their way,
To welcome us to endless day ;
There glitt'ring millions we shall join,
To praise the Prince of David's line.

HYMN 17. P. M.

- 1 COME precious soul, and let us take
A walk becoming you and me,
And whither, my friend,
Shall we our footsteps bend
To Calvary or to Gathsemane.
- 2 " O Calvary is a mountain high,
'Tis much too hard a task for me ;
And I had rather stay
In the broad and pleasant way,

Than to walk in the garden of Gathsemane.

- 3 It would not appear such a mountain high,
Nor such a task dear sinner, for thee,
If you lov'd the Man
Who first laid the plan,
Of climbing the mountain Calvary.
- 4 'I'd rather abide in this pleasant plain,
My gay and merry friends to see :
And tarry awhile
In the joys of the world,
Than to climb up the mountain Calvary.
- 5 Your gay companions must lie in the dust,
Their souls are bound for misery :
And if you ever stand,
On Canaan's happy land,
You must climb up the mountain Calvary.
- 6 'There is no pleasure that I can behold,
And it is a lonely way to me ;
For I have heard them say
There are Lions in the way,
And they lurk in the mountain Calvary.'
- 7 It is a peaceful pleasant way,
Poor wand'ring soul could you but see ;
And you shall have a guard,
Yea, the Angels of God,
To conduct you o'er mountain Calvary.
- 8 I'd rather have peace, and live at my ease,
Than to be afflicted thus by thee ;
When blooming youth is gone

And when old age comes on,
I will climb up the mountain Calvary.

9 There is no better time than youth,
To travel the mountain as you see ;
When old age comes on,
You are burden'd with sin,
Then how can you climb up Calvary.

10 " O leave this melancholy theme,
I cannot enjoy any peace for thee ;
There is time enough yet,
And the journey's not so great,
I can soon climb the mountain Calvary.

11 O, hark. I hear a doleful sound !
You greatly should alarmed be ;
A blooming youth is gone
And is laid in the tomb.
Who refused to climb Mount Calvary.

12 " Alas, I know not what to do,
You greatly have alarmed me,
For in sin I've gone on,
Till I fear I'm undone,
Lord, help me to climb up Calvary.

13 O tarry not in all the plain,
Lest it prove a dangerous snare to thee
But look to the Man,
Who was slain for your sin.
And he'll help you to climb up Calvary.

HYMN 18. L. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,

Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk this narrow happy road.

- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon you'll walk the golden street :
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell;
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the skies in burning flame,
The trumpet louder still proclaim,
The world must hear and know their doom
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
While Christ the Judge their joy proclaims
Here comes my saints, I know their names .
- 6 Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride ;
Ye harps of heaven come, sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood.
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
Whose glit'ring robes the sun outshine,
See saints and angels join in one
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
And join in one eternal song ;
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their hearts on fire.

HYMN 19. P. M.

- 1 The sun sets at night,
And the stars shun the day ;
But glory remains
When the light fades away :
Begin, ye admirers of Jesus' love,
Who died to redeem us, and raise us above.
- 2 Remember the night,
When his sorrows began,
The horrors of darkness
That fell on the man ;
Why so faint and so slow does your gratitude,
move,
To the Lamb that was wounded that sinners
might live.
- 3 Remember the spot
Where in anguish he lay,
The sins which he bore
From his people away ;
Now faith rises high, we exult in his love
Who died to redeem us but now is above.
- 4 We'll go to the land
Where our Saviour is gone,
And saints shall rejoice
In the fruits of his son,
And the angels shall sing hallelujah, Amen,
All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain.

HYMN 20. P. M.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go,

Can you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting wo ?
Hell beneath is gaping wide,
Vengeance waits the dread command,
Soon will stop your sport and pride,
And sink you with the damn'd.

CHORUS.

Then be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware you'll drop
Into a burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes ?
Can you stand in that great day,
When his judgment will proclaim ;
When the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame ?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar :
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
All your sins will round you crowd
Sins of a blood crimson dye ;
Each for vengeance cry aloud,
And what will you reply ?

4 Though your hearts be made of steel,
Your fore-heads lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel ;
He will not let you pass.

Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace ;)
 " Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
 And hide us from his face."

- 5 But as yet there is a hope,
 You may his mercy know ;
 Tho' his arm be lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
 It was for sinners Jesus died ;
 Sinners he invites to come :
 None that come shall be denied—
 He says there still is room.

HYMN 21. L M.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of thee !
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far,
 Let evening blush to own a star ;
 He sheds the beams of light divine,
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon !
 'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
 Bright morning star bids darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !
 No—when I blush—be this my shame
 That I no more revere his name.

- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes. I may,
When I've no guil to wash away ;
No tears to wipe, no good to crive,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.
- 7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise ;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 22. L. M.

- 1 I've listed in the holy war,
Content with suff'ring soldiers fare,
The banner o'er my head is love,
I draw my rations from above.
- 2 I've fought through many battles sore,
And I must fight through many more,
I take my breast-plate sword and shield,
And bodily march into the field.
- 2 I've listed and I mean to fight
Till all my foes are put to flight,
And when the conquest I have won,
I'll give the praise to God alone.
- 4 Come fellow christians join with me,
Come, face the foe and never flee,
The holy warfare is begun.
The prize is an immortal crown.

- 5 With listing orders I am come,
 Enlist with me both old and young,
 With Christ you may acceptance find,
 For he'll receive the halt and blind.
- 6 He's gone victorious on before,
 And you may draw on grace's store,
 A bounty here of love is given,
 And glorious crowns laid up in heaven.

HYMN 23 P. M.

- 1 THROUGHOUT the Saviour's life we trace,
 Nothing but shame and deep distress,
 No period else is seen.
 Till he a spotless victim fell,
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature sin.
- 2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Saviour kneel and pray for me;
 For this I him adore:
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat throughout,
 Blood drops did force their passage out
 Thro' every opening pore.
- 3 The piercing thorns his temple bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore,
 Till thou the bones might see;
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by the heavy tree.
- 4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
 Round him they mock'd and made their game
 At length his cross they rear,
 And can you see the mighty God,

Cry out beneath sin's heavy load,
Without one thankful tear ?

- 5 Thus veil'd in humanity,
He dies in anguish on the tree ;
What tongue his grief can tell :
The shudd'ring rocks their heads recline
The morning sun refus'd to shine,
When the Redeemer fell.
- 6 Thus was the sun in darkness veil'd
When Christ upon the cross was nail'd
The painful, cursed tree ;
He sigh'd, he groan'd, 'tis finish'd now,
And thus his glorious head did bow,
And shook mount Calvary.
- 7 Shout, brethren, shout in songs divine,
He drank the gall to give us wine,
To quench our parching thirst ;
Seraphs, advance your voices higher,
Bride of the Lamb, unite the choir,
And praise the precious Christ.

HYMN 24. L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all the saints I'll join to tell
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But O his love what tongue can tell !
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws,
But yet he und'rtook my cause,
To save me, though I did rebel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which doth all praise excel;
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
Knew whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.
- 6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
He aim'd to wound me to the heart
With this I all their rage expel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 Oft times my Lord his face did hide
To make me pray or kill my pride;
Yet on my mind it still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath:
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 25. P. M.

- 1 HAIL ye followers of the Lamb!
Ye who love the Saviour's name,
Who are cleans'd with pard'ning blood,
Go with us the way is good.
- 2 Eternal life we have in view,
While we on our way pursue,
March with us on the heavenly road,
Go with us, the way is good.
- 3 Come, ye sinners, sick and sore,
Flee from sin and Satan's power,
Walk the path which Je-sus trod,
Go with us, the way is good.
- 4 Leave the world and seek the Lord,
Read and meditate his word,
Take it for your constant guide,
Go with us, the way is good.
- 5 Come, ye aged, come ye young,
Every nation, every tongue,
Sound the Saviour's praise abroad,
Go with us, the way is good.
- 6 Doubting souls, dismiss your fears,
Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Come, and hear the Saviour's word,
Go with us, the way is good.
- 7 Needy sinners, doubt no more,
Jesus has an ample store.
Richest wine and choicest food,
Go with us, the way is good.

2 Burden'd souls oppres'd with grief,
 Jesus freely grants relief.
 He'll remove your heavy load,
 Go with us the way is good.

HYMN 26. P. M

1 YE children of Jesus, who are bound for
 the kingdom

Attune all your voices, and help me to sing,
 Sweet anthems of praises to my loving Jesus,
 For he is my Prophet, my Priest and my
 King :

When Jesus first found me, to hell I was go-
 ing,

His love did surround me, and sav'd me from
 ruin ;

He kindly embrac'd me, and sweetly he kis-
 sed me,

And taught me aloud his sweet praises to sing.

2 Why should you go mourning from such a
 physician,

Who is able and willing your sickness to
 cure !

Come to him believing, though bad your con-
 dition,

His Father has promis'd your case to ensure :
 My soul he hath healed, my heart he rejoic-
 es,

He brought me to Zion. to join the glad voic-
 es ;

I'll serve him and praise him, and always a-
 dore him,

Till we meet him in heaven where parting's
 no more.

3 My heart's now in heaven, to Jesus ascend-
ed,
I'm bound to press on to the mark for the
prize ;
And when my temptations and trials are en-
ded,
On wings of bright seraphs my soul will a-
rise,
O christians, I'm happy in this contempla-
tion,
My soul it drinks in the sweet streams of sal-
vation :
I long to be flying that I may be vieing
With the tallest archangel that shouts in the
skies.

4 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, for Canaan's
before you ;
We'll scale the bright mountains, still shout-
ing free grace.
On Zion's fair borders we'll sing hallelujahs,
And sit in the smiles of Immanuel's face,
To those who there enter, there is no return-
ing.
No sorrow nor sighing, no weeping nor
mourning.
But joyfully feasting, and shouting, and sing-
ing
All glory to Jesus, who brought this free
grace.

5 My soul's full of glory, why should I stay
longer.
Bright angels in heaven now call me away,

My spirit in Jesus grows stronger and stronger,

My soul now exults to behold the glad day :
O Christians ! O Christians ! O had you not
rather,

Be shouting in glory with your blessed Father ?

Where clouds and temptations, and pain and
vexation,

Are all lost forever in perfect bright day.

6 This moment the angels are hovering around
us,

And joining with mortals to praise their
sweet King :

And waiting for Jesus to call and to crown
us,

To make the bright arches of heaven to ring.

There with our dear Saviour we'll meet one
another,

The wife and the husband, the sister and
brother,

In the highest measures of love's sweetest
pleasure,

Salvation thro' Jesus, forever we'll sing.

HYMN 27. P. M.

1 YE children of Zion, who're aiming for glory,

Enlisted with Jesus, to fight against hell,

New-Canaan's bright borders are now just
before you,

Through Jordan's proud billows its banks
overflow:

Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now
in heaven,

A shouting and praising the great One in
Seven ;

And I hope my Saviour will bring us all over,
In the land of sweet Canaan forever to dwell.

2 This makes my heart merry, it fills me with
glory,

That toiling and laboring one day will be
e'er :

At the feet of my saviour I'll there tell my
story,

When sin, pain and sorrow, can reach us no
more.

Be bold and courageous and fear not the devil,
Though he should speak of you all manner
of evil :

Altho' hell engages yet Jesus engages
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's bright
shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean, we're tost by com-
motion :

But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure guide ;
When sick and afflicted, kind love has a lo-
tion,

Which flows in abundance from Jesus' side.
Though Satan's wild whirlwinds, like de-
luges roaring,

With floods of temptations, as hail down a
pouring ;

Though devils should haunt you, yet let them
not daunt you,

For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 I feel his love blazing, my spirits are raising,
Had I angel's pinions, away I would go ;
And see that bright city, and hear angels
praising,
And all the enjoyment of glory to know ;
To those blessed Seven, that shine thro' all
heaven,
All glory from saints and from angels be giv-
en ;
My heart's all on fire ; my Jesus draws nigh-
er :
His love like an ocean, all through me doth
flow.

5 His love so constrains me, this earth can't
contain me :
My soul's like a bottle that's filled with new
wine,
'Tis grace that supports me, or glory would
crush me,
When flames from sweet heaven all round
me doth shine.
Bright angels attend me where'er I am going ;
Sweet Jesus, direct me, whate'er I am doing,
A subject of wonder, on which angels pou-
der,
That beggars are rais'd to a life so divine.

INDEX.

PAGE

A

Awake, Jerusalem, awake	11
Ah! whither should I go	22
And can I yet delay	25
And wilt thou yet be found	27
Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess	40
A charge to keep I have	64
Arise, my soul, arise	70
Author of faith, eternal word	73
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	78
Adam descended from above	82
Author of our salvation, thee	93
Almighty Maker, God	101
A fountain of life and of grace	105
An inward baptism of pure fire	122
Away, my unbelieving fear	132
And are we yet alive	146
And let our bodies part	151
All thanks to the lamb, who gives us, &c.	155
Arm of the Lord awake awake	167
Awake, my soul, to meet the day	176
And am I born to die	186
And am I only born to die	187
And let this feeble body fail	188

And must I be to judgment brought	194
Awake my heart, arise my tongue	250
Awake our souls, away our fears,	256
And now the scales have left mine eyes	351
And are we wretches yet alive	363
And must this body die	366
Awake my soul to joyful lays	384
Arise and shine. O Zion fair	393

B

Blow ye the trumpet, blow	5
Being of being, God of love	60
Be it my only wisdom here	61
Bid me of men beware	69
Behold the Saviour of mankind	76
Blest be our everlasting Lord	87
Blest be the dear uniting love	150
Behold! with awful pomp	197
Bless, O my soul, the living God,	223
Behold the sure foundation stone	233
Behold the glories of the Lamb	243
Behold the grace appears	244
Behold, what wond'rous grace	261
Bury'd in the shadows of the night	280
Blest are the humble souls that see	282
Behold the wretch, whose lusts and wine	291
Behold how sinners disagree	294
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	337
Blest morning, whose young dawning rays	347
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	372
Brethren, while we sojourn here	397

C

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy	8
----------------------------------	---

Come, O thou all-victorious Lord	16
Come, Holy Spirit. heavenly Dove	57
Come. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	60
Come, Saviour, let thy tokens prove	94
Celestial Dove. descend from high	97
Come, Father, Son and Holy Ghost	98
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	99
Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above	119
Come, Lord, and claim me for thy own	120
Come, O thou greater than our heart	125
Come on, my partners in distress	139
Children of the heavenly King	140
Come, let us use the grace divine	149
Comfort, ye ministers of grace	160
Come, Holy Ghost. our hearts inspire	179
Come, sound his praise abroad	221
Come, dearest Lord descend and dwell	296
Come we that love the Lord	325
Come, Holy Spirit heav'nly Dove,	328
Come all harmonious tongues	352
Come, happy souls approach your God	362
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	365
Come brethren and rejoice with me	395
Come precious soul. and let us take	399
Come, ye that love the Lord indeed	401

D

Draw near, O Son of God, draw near	162
Death may dissolve my body now	252
Dread Sov'reign. let my evening song	311
Descend from heav'n immortal Dove	323
Death cannot make our souls afraid	336
Down headlong from the native skies	359
Dark and thorny is the desert	392

E

Extended on a cursed tree	80
Eternal Power, whose high abode	88
Eternal beam of light divine	138
Equip me for the war	144
Except the Lord conduct the plan	145
Early, my God, without delay	213

F

Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord	32
Fain would I go to thee, my God	34
Fountain of life to all below	43
Father, I stretch my hands to thee	50
Father, how wide thy glories shine	84
Father, I dare believe	167
For ever here my rest shall be	101
Fondly my foolish heart essays	144
Father, if justly still we claim	159
Father of me and all mankind	166
Father, our hearts we lift	168
Father of mercies, in thy word	180
Father! I sing thy wond'rous grace	215
From age to age exalt his name	225
From all that dwell below the skies	231
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone	316
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise	348

G

God is in this and every place	30
Great God, indulge my humble claim	53
God of all grace and majesty	55
Gracious Redeemer, shake	67
Give me a sober mind	70
Great God! to me the sight afford	74

Glory to God on high	96
God of eternal truth and grace	123
God of my life, whose gracious power	131
Give to the winds thy fears	134
Giver of concord, prince of peace	154
God of all consolation, take	156
God of my life look gently down	296
Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King	214
God, my supporter and my hope	217
Great God, attend, while Zion sings	219
Great God, I own the sentence just	216
Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord	293
Go worship at Immanuel's feet	301
Great God ! how infinite art thou	345
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice	345

H

Ho ! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh	13
How sad our state by nature is	29
How can a sinner know	71
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	78
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	85
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none	86
Hail ! holy, holy, holy Lord	89
How happy every child of grace	100
Hail !, thou once despised Jesus	101
Happy the man that finds the grace	103
Holy, and true, and righteous Lord	113
He wills that I should holy be	124
How do thy mercies close me round	129
Hark, how the watchmen cry	142
High on his everlasting throne	160
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	184
He comes ! He comes ! the Judge severe	194

How did my heart rejoice to hear	236
Hosanna to the royal Son	248
How strong thine arm is mighty God	256
Hark ! the Redeemer from on high	265
How heavy is the night	281
How large the promise ! how divine	289
Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews	296
Here at thy cross, my dying God	309
Hosanna with a cheerful sound	312
High on a hill of dazzling grace	318
How short and hasty is our life	327
Happy the heart where grace's reign	331
How vain are all things here below	335
Hark ! from the tombs, a doleful sound	343
Hosanna to the Prince of Light	349
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright	354
Hosanna to our conqu'ring King	355
High as the heav'ns above the ground	367
Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord	377
Hail ye followers of the Lamb	410

I

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God	46
I ask the gift of righteousness	72
Into thy gracious hands I fall	103
I know that my Redeemer lives	108
If now I have acceptance found	126
I the good fight have fought	165
I long to behold Him array'd	181
I love the Lord ; he heard my cries	229
Is there ambition in my heart	238
I left my banner, saith the Lord	253
Is this the kind return	348
Infinite grief ! amazing wo	358

I cannot bear thine absence, Lord	368
I've listed in the holy war	406

J

Jesus, if still thou art to-day	19
Jesus, thy far-extended fame	31
Jehovah, God, the Father, bless	51
Jesus, the all-restoring Word	58
Jesus, my strength, my hope	65
Jesus, my Saviour, brother, friend	66
Jesus, whose glory's streaming rays	75
Jesus, at whose supreme command	91
Jesus, we thus obey	92
Jesus, thou everlasting King	99
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness	104
Jesus, my life, thyself apply	111
Jesus hath died that I might live	116
Jesus, thy loving spirit alone	124
Jesus my all to heaven is gone	130
Jesus, great shepherd of the sheep	133
Jesus, united by thy grace	148
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee	153
Jesus, the name high over all	163
Jesus, my strength and righteousness	164
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	166
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold	299
Join all the names of love and pow'r	304
Jesus, with all thy saints above	325
Jesus! and shall it ever be	405

K

Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord	267
---------------------------------------	-----

L

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend	14
-----------------------------	----

Lord Jesus, when, when shall it be	25
Let the redeem'd give thanks and praise	33
Long have I seem'd to serve Thee, Lord	36
Lord, all I am is known to thee	45
Lo, in thy hand I lay	47
Lord, we come before thee now	48
Let all who truly bear	90
Lord, I believe thy ev'ry word	111
Let Him to whom we now belong	112
Lord, I believe a rest remains	113
Loving Jesus, gentle lamb	125
Lord of the harvest, hear	158
Lord thou wilt hear me when I pray	174
Lord I will bless thee all my days	203
Let sinners take their course	212
Let children hear the mighty deeds	218
Let Zion and her sons rejoice	222
Lo! what a glorious Corner-stone	235
Lo, what an entertaining view	239
Long as I live I'll bless thy name	241
Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak	242
Let me but hear my Saviour say	247
Lord, at thy temple we appear	249
Lo, what a glorious sight appears	251
Let him embrace my soul, and prove	262
Life is the time to serve the Lord	276
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	287
Lord, how secure my conscience was	290
Like sheep we went astray	293
Lord what a Leaven of saving grace	317
Let others boast how strong they be,	319
Let the old heathens tune their song	322
Let them neglect thy glory Lord	329
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'ly seat	330

Lord, how secure and blest are they	339
Laden with guilt, and full of fears	368
Lift up your hearts, Emmanuel's friends	382
Let others their salvation rest	389

M

My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so	24
My God, my God to thee I cry	34
My hope, my all my Saviour thou	49
My God, my life, my love	55
My Saviour's pierced side	97
My God, I know, I feel thee mine	117
My God, my portion and my love	148
Mortals awake, with angels join	169
My God, how endless is thy love	175
My span of life will soon be done	183
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend	216
My God, what inward grief I feel	240
My God, how endless is thy love	274
Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n	297
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	307
My soul forsakes her vain delight	313
My God, what endless pleasures dwell	331
My God, the spring of all my joys	338
My soul, come, meditate the day	341
My God permit me not to be	371
Man, in his first creation in Eden, &c.	875

N

Naked as from the earth we came	245
Now, in the gall'ries of his grace	272
Now in the heat of youthful blood	277
Not the malicious or profane	284
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear has heard	284

Not with our mortal eyes	286
No more, my God, I boast no more	286
Nature, with all her pow'r, shall sing	306
Now for a tune of lofty praise	332
Now to the Lord, a noble song	334
No, I'll repine at death no more	361
Nature with open volume stands	373
Now in a song of grateful praise,	408

O

O for a thousand tongues to sing	3
O that I could repent	18
O that I could my Lord receive	23
O for a closer walk with God	38
O that I were as heretofore	39
O Jesus! full of grace	41
O why did I my Saviour leave	42
O thou, whom all thy saints adore	44
O may thy powerful word	51
O thou, to whose all searching sight	52
O Sun of Righteousness arise	56
O God, most merciful and true	59
O thou who all things canst controul	62
Of him who did salvation bring	77
O thou, dear suffering Son of God	81
Our Lord is risen from the dead	83
O all-creating God!	90
O 'tis delight, without alloy	105
O for a heart to praise my God	109
O joyful sound of Gospel grace	115
O come, and dwell in me	116
O that my load of sin were gone	118
O Jesus! at thy feet we wait	127
Once more, my soul, the rising day	173

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	182
O ble sed souls are they	202
O thou that hear'st when sinners cry	210
O God of mercy, hear my call	211
O bless the Lord, my soul	224
Out of the deeps of long distress	237
O for an overcoming faith	248
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	260
Often I seek my Lord by night	266
Once more, my soul, the rising day	310
Oh ! the Almighty Lord	350
Oh, the delights, the heavenly joys	356

P

Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair	79
Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear	136

R

Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest	177
Rejoice for a brother deceas'd	189
Rise my soul and leave the ground	318
Raise your triumphant songs	362

S

Sinners obey the gospel word	6
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	10
Sinners, the call obey	12
Sinners, the voice of God regard	15
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	26
Still, Lord, languish for thy grace	35
Still, for thy loving-kindness Lord	37
Saviour, I now with shame confess	40
Spirit of faith, come down	54
Shepherd divine, our wants relieve	63

Soldiers of Christ, arise	141
See, Jesus thy disciples see	155
Saviour of men, thy searching eye	162
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise	170
See how the morning sun	174
Shrinking from the cold hand of death	190
Soon as I heard my Father say	201
Shew pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive	209
Sweet is the work, my God my King	220
See what a living stone	234
Shall wisdom cry aloud	273
Shall we go on to sin	285
So did the Hebrew prophet raise	288
Saints, at your heavenly Father's word	294
So let our lips and lives express	295
Sing to the Lord that built the skies	314
Stoop down my thro'ts that us'd to rise	324
Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts	342
Salvation! oh, the joyful sound	355
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	357
Sweet are the gifts which gracious heav'n	360
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think	403

T

Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes	7
Terrible thought! said I alone	17
The praying spirit breathe	63
Thou seest my feebleness	68
That doleful night before his death	94
The King of heav'n his table spreads	96
The wisdom own'd by all thy sons	106
The thing my God doth hate	121
Thou lamb of God, thou prince of peace	137
Try us, O God, and search the ground	147

The Lord of earth and sky	171
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	176
The Saviour meets his flock to-day	178
The counsels of redeeming grace	179
The morning flowers display their sweets	191
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord	192
Thou Judge of quick and dead	193
The great archangel's trump shall sound	195
The heav'ns declare thy glory Lord	199
The earth for ever is the Lord's	200
Teach me the measure of my days	205
The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought	207
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne	208
To our Almighty Maker, God	222
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord	227
Thrice happy man who fears the Lord	228
Thy name, almighty Lord	231
The Lord appears my helper now	232
This is the day the Lord hath made	233
To God the only wise	257
'Twas the commission of our Lord	258
Thou, whom my soul admires above	263
The voice of my Beloved sounds	264
The wond'ring world inquires to know	269
Thus far the Lord has led me on	273
Thus saith the high and lofty One	275
Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord	279
There is a house not made with hands	287
Thus saith the first, the great command	291
'Tis from the treasure of his word	303
The true Messiah now appears	313
Terrible God that reign'st on high	322
Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls	334
Thee we adore, Eternal Name	338

Time! what an empty vapour 'tis	340
There is a land of pure delight	344
Thus saith the Ruler of the skies	352
That awful day will surely come	364
The Lord declares his will	369
'The law commands and makes us know	370
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	372
Through tribulation's deep	378
The sun sets at night	403
Throughout the Saviour's life we trace	407

V

Vain are the hopes that rebels place	281
--------------------------------------	-----

W

While dead in trespasses I lie	20
With glorious clouds encompass'd round	28
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be	49
When shall I see the welcome hour	123
What! never speak one evil word	127
With joy we meditate the grace	135
When I can read my title clear	143
We lift our hearts to thee	172
Wo to the men on earth who dwell	196
Where shall the man be found	201
While men grow bold in wicked ways	204
When, overwhelm'd with grief	213
Would you behold the works of God	226
What shall I render to my God	230
Where shall we go to seek and find	238
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise	254
What happy men, or angels these	255
When we are rais'd from deep distress	259
We are a garden wall'd around	268

When strangers stand and hear me tell	271
Who is this fair one in distress	272
Who can describe the joys that rise	282
With joy we meditate the grace	292
Why should the children of a King	299
Why do we mourn departed friends	308
Welcome sweet day of rest	315
Why is my heart so far from thee.	320
Why should we start and fear to die	327
With holy fear and humble song,	333
When, in the light of faith divine	360
When thou my righteous Judge shall come	381
What sound is this salutes my ear	383
Why stand ye here idle my friends, &c.	385
Why should we be affrighted, &c.	387
We've found the rock, the travellers cried	398

Y

Ye faithful souls, who Jesus know	83
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	95
Ye sons of Adam, vain and young	277
Ye children of Jesus who are bound, &c.	411
Ye children of Zion, who're among, &c.	413









Ref^d met it was a se-
cession of 24 persons

